★ Jan. 9, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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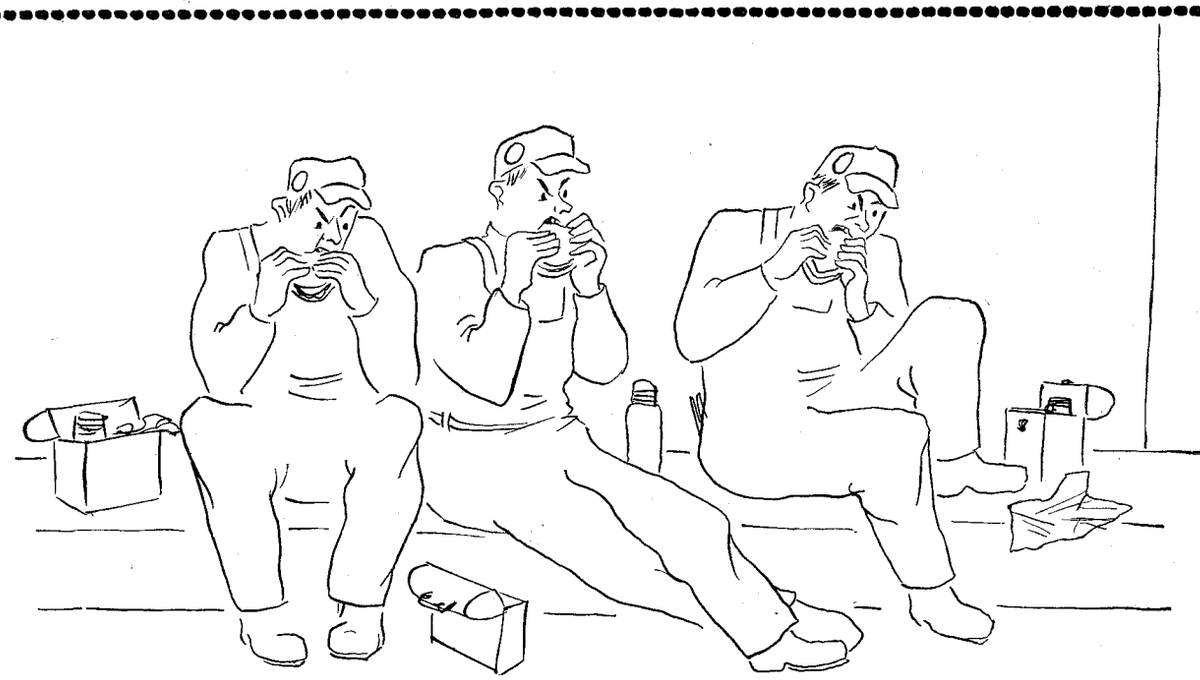

Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

January, 1943, Ladies' Home Journal contains more advertising than any January issue in 11 years.

1942 Advertising Revenue Gain — $682,984 Over 1941

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.)

Counselor-at-Law—A revival of Elmer Rice's play about a shyster lawyer with a heart of gold. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. Paul Muni again heads the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Damask Cheek—John van Druten's tenuous but generally agreeable comedy about a woman who rescues the man she loves from an actress. Life in the East Sixties in 1909, with a cast that includes Flora Robson, Celeste Holm, and Myron McCormick. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

The Doughgirls—A farce about present-day Washington that seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is now in its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney still play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.)

The Pirate—S. N. Behrman provides a field day for the Lunts in this handsome costume piece which has, however, its leisurely moments. The cast also includes Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Russian People—An ambitious and sometimes stirring picture of the heroism on the eastern front. Clifford Odets adapted the Russian original, and the cast includes Leon Ames, Luther Adler, Eleonora Mendelssohn, and Victor Varconi. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family who survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and many other fine players in a revival of Chekhov's study in frustration. Guthrie McClintic is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Uncle Harry—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Without Love—Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent in Philip Barry's comedy about a marriage of convenience. This Theatre Guild play has its naïve political undertones, but is otherwise bright enough. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and at 2:45 on Sun.)

New Faces of 1943—Leonard Sillman's latest arrangement of new talent. Appealing but pretty amateur. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Show Time—George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. Just another vaudeville show, but this time well worth your money. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

Star and Garter—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (*Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly,* except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman, Allen Jenkins, and Paula Laurence in a musical comedy by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, with music by Cole Porter. Staged by Hassard Short and produced by Michael Todd. Opens Thurs., Jan. 7. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Nine Girls—A murder mystery by Wilfrid H. Pettitt, with an all-woman cast which includes Adele Longmire, K. T. Stevens, and Barbara Bel Geddes. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by A. H. Woods. Opens Wed., Jan. 13. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and at 3 on Sun.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Patience," Thurs. through Sun., Jan. 7-10, and Wed. through Sun., Jan. 13-17; at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 16.

DANCE RECITALS

Doris Humphrey—With her company and José Limon in an all-Bach program played by Ralph Kirkpatrick, Roman Totenberg, and others: Sun., Jan. 10, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Hanya Holm—Appearing with her group: Sat., Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (*Central High School, 225 W. 24.* For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has plenty of space for dancing to music by Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room offers an ice show, with Hazel Franklin

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THE NEW YORKER
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 47, January 9, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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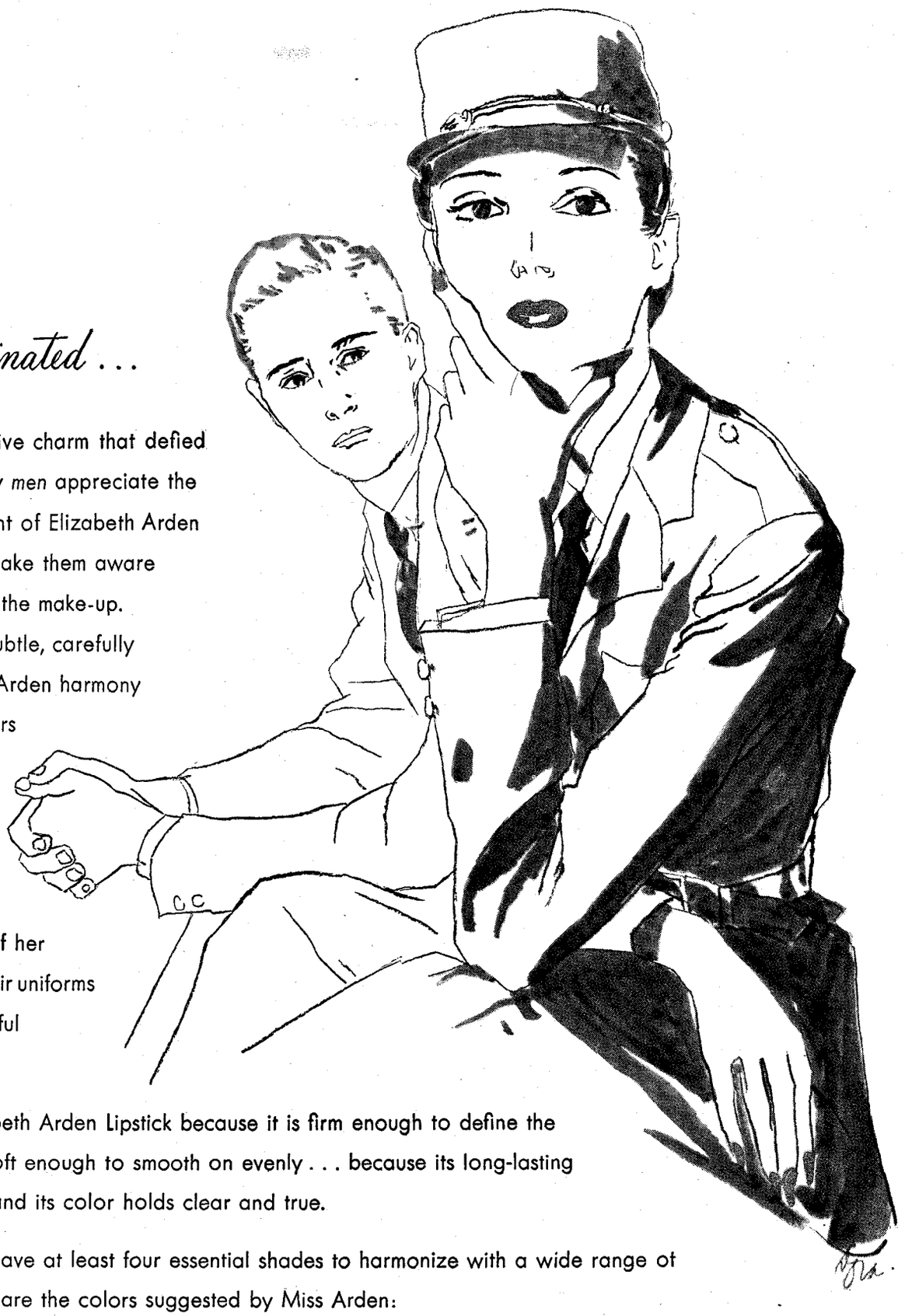
Frankly, he was Fascinated . . .



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 16.

and the Heasley Twins, and music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—The present show will be replaced by a new one, headed by Sophie Tucker, on Thurs., Jan. 14. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band will stay on.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra skins to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band are playing for dancing in this handsome room. Tea dancing Sat.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Jane Pickens is singing in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra plays. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has songs by Carol Bruce, sketches by John Hoysradt, and music by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Evan Jones's orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, you'll find Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Larry Adler is playing his harmonica in the Café Lounge, spelled by Roy Ross's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well east of Fifth Avenue, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Elsa Maxwell heads the show there and Emil Coleman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band supply the dance music.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—On Fri., Jan. 8, the Hartmans will start dancing in the Wedgwood Room during the supper hour, instead of Rosario and Antonio, who are there at the moment. On the same evening, Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra will replace Xavier Cugat's, playing at both dinner and supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra *is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.*

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers are always a little out of the ordinary, and it's all very satisfactory. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself singing those hearty songs of hers, and there are other performers as well. . . . LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Libby Holman and a small show. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the cozy log fire should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): mainly swing, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; Zero Mostel is around too. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots, with two orchestras—Dick Wilson's and an all-girl one. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . CASBAH, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): a new and fairly fancy one, with Elsie Houston, Elissa Landi, and Don Maya's orchestra. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . RIOBAMBA, 151 E. 57 (EL 5-9603): music by Nat Brandwynne, walls and ceilings by Russell Patterson, and a show. . . . MON PAREE, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): Adelaide Moffet and a big show on a little floor. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, comfortable place, with Ron Perry's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a show headed by Carmen Amaya, Jack Harris's orchestra, and a rumba band—all in a tropical setting. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the Revuers are down there, with their songs and foolishness, and so are Ammons and Johnson and Georgie James's orchestra. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are playing in this downtown place. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's Coleman Hawkins' orchestra. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio have practically become part of the bandstand here.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, B'way at 155—Paintings, sculptures, architectural drawings, and works in other media by members of the Academy and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by women, ranging from Gypsy Rose Lee to Frida Kahlo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

BURLIUK—Swell paintings by a somewhat neglected American Expressionist: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9.

DANIEL COLLECTION—A selection of pastels and water colors from the collection of Charles Daniel, who was a prominent art dealer just after the last war. The work is pretty youthful, but many now-famous names are included, such as Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, Marsden Hartley, and Man Ray: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

DE CREEFT—New sculptures, strongly stylized and generally quite effective: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

FOLK ART—Well-selected loan exhibition of paintings and other works by South, Central, and North American artists: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9.

FRENCH—At SCHNEIDER-GABRIEL, 69 E. 57: paintings by Corot, Courbet, Delacroix, and other nineteenth-century artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: water colors and oils by Dufy, Lurçat, Picasso, Modigliani, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 8.

GROUPS—At the KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave. at 57: small, but soundly selected, show of paintings of the last war by John Sloan, Gifford Beal, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: second annual exhibition by the Bombshell Group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also, Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings by di Chirico, Menkes, Hélion, and other contemporary artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

KANDINSKY—A retrospective of this artist's work from 1909 to 1938: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 15.

KLEINHOLZ—One of the prize-winners of "Artists for Victory" has his first one-man show: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9.

MARIN—Recent oils and water colors, with some particularly fine sea pieces among them: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 25.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The big "Artists for Victory" exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints, offering what's probably the most comprehensive coverage of contemporary American art ever attempted. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Large, highly illuminating international showing of portraiture, with works by most of the important painters and sculptors of the twentieth century. Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 24.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

OLD MASTERS—Paintings by Memling, Tintoretto, Van Dyck, and other members of the Flemish, Dutch, and Italian schools: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16.

PRIEBE—First New York showing of paintings by a midwestern artist of some talent: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

RANKEN—A memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who specialized in interiors: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16.

SCULPTURES—The second of two exhibitions called "Homage to Rodin," this time with works by Archipenko, Calder, Gross, Steig, and many other Americans: Buchholz and Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 23.

FATH ALI SHAH—Large paintings by a nineteenth-century Persian artist whose work has rarely been shown in this country: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

JACOB GETLAR SMITH—Water colors of Bucks County, in his first show here in three years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

SZYK—Satirical war drawings and hand-engraved miniatures in an exhibition sponsored by the Writers' War Board: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

VUILLARD AND BONNARD—The two grand old men of nineteenth-century Impressionism in a well-selected showing: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

HERE AND THERE—At the NEWHOUSE, 15 E. 57: paintings by Angna Enters. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . ARTISTS', 43 W. 55: paintings by Adolph Gottlieb. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Jan. 11. . . . NEWMAN, 66 W. 55: water colors by Joseph Newman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors by Aaron Berkman. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9. . . . PINACOTHECA, 20 W. 58: paintings by Hananiah Harari. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . ARGENT, 42 W. 57: American landscapes by Muriel Alvord. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by Antonio Mattei. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6

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P.M. (also, Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At CARNEGIE HALL—Mitropoulos conducting, Fri., Jan. 8, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Jan. 9, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 10, at 3 P.M. Reiner conducting, Thurs., Jan. 14, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 15, at 2:30 P.M. (Special feature: Mitropoulos as conductor and soloist, Jan. 8).... Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat., Jan. 16, at 11 A.M.

HOTEL PLAZA—Philharmonic-Symphony League concert, Mitropoulos as conductor and soloist, Mon., Jan. 11, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-6900.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Jan. 7, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Jan. 9, at 2:30 P.M.... Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., Jan. 8, at 8:30 P.M.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: soloist, André Mathieu: Carnegie Hall, Mon., Jan. 11, at 8:45 P.M.

BROOKLYN SYMPHONY—Beecham conducting: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Tues., Jan. 12, at 8:30 P.M.

TOWN HALL MUSIC FORUM—Rosalyn Tureck, the Saidenberg Little Symphony, and the Collegiate Chorale in a concert featuring the work of William Shuman, to be followed by a discussion of the music, led by Virgil Thomson and Mr. Shuman: Town Hall, Wed., Jan 13, at 8:45 P.M.

N.B.C. STRING SYMPHONY—Black conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Jan. 15, at 8:30 P.M.

CONCERTO CONCERT—Bronislaw Huberman, assisted by members of the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of Gregor Fittelberg: Carnegie Hall, Sat., Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Joslyn conducting: Town Hall, Fri., Jan. 8, at 8:40 P.M.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Isaac Stern, Fri., Jan. 8, at 8:30 P.M.; E. Robert Schmitz (a Fighting French Relief Committee benefit), Wed., Jan. 13, at 8:30 P.M.

TOWN HALL—Hope and John Kirkpatrick, Sat., Jan. 9, at 3 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Gordon String Quartet and Beveridge Webster), Sun., Jan. 10, at 5:30 P.M.; Bernardo Segall, Sun., Jan. 10, at 8:30 P.M.; Alexander Brailowsky, Fri., Jan. 15, at 8:30 P.M.

ELSEWHERE—At the METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE: Jascha Heifetz (a Vassar Club Scholarship Fund benefit), Fri., Jan. 8, at 2:30 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006.) ... COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES: Robert and Gaby Casadesus, Wed., Jan. 13, at 9 P.M. (451 Madison, at 50. PL 3-4571.) ... MCMILLIN THEATRE: Wanda Landowska, Sat., Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200 weekdays between 9 A.M. and 1 P.M.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 7; "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., Jan. 8; "Lakmé," Sat. Aft., Jan. 9; "La Forza del Destino," Sat. Eve., Jan. 9; "Boris Godunoff," Mon. Eve., Jan. 11; "Lohengrin," Wed. Eve., Jan. 13; "La Serva Padrona" and "Salome," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 14; "Louise," Fri. Aft., Jan. 15; "La Traviata," Fri. Eve., Jan. 15; "Manon," Sat. Aft., Jan. 16; "The Magic Flute," Sat. Eve., Jan. 16. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Bob Montgomery vs. Chester Rico, lightweights, 15 rounds, Fri., Jan. 8; Willie Pep vs. Allie Stolz, catchweight bout, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30, main matches start at about 10 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the EASTERN AIRLINES BUILDING, 40 W. 49: an exhibition of counterfeit money assembled by the United States Secret Service and the Chase National Bank, with many examples of bills made by the Japanese for use in the Philippines and Australia, and by the Nazis for use in the conquered European countries. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Jan. 30. ... MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: a semi-permanent show of films and other displays touching on home defense, along with numerous other aspects of warfare. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS—A number of Duncan Phyfe pieces that were used a century and a half ago in the home of Thomas Cornell Pearsall, at 43 Wall

Street, exhibited in a setting which duplicates a drawing room of that period: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

GEM EXHIBITION—Engraved semiprecious stones, from Cretan to Roman times, collected by the late Sir Arthur Evans and William Gedney Beatty: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 15.

MORGAN LIBRARY—An exhibition of written works relating to Christmas, including texts of early Nativity plays, rare illustrated editions of Dickens, and illuminated manuscripts: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Over a hundred portraits of theatre people, taken by Carl Van Vechten during the past decade: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 10.

PLANETARIUM—"Stars of a Winter Night," a lecture and demonstration showing how to identify the constellations, will be this month's show at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri., at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

BENEFIT—Over a hundred women, prominent in a variety of activities, in a pageant called "Women Can Take It," to be followed by a preview of Alfred Hitchcock's movie, "Shadow of a Doubt," for the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy: Rivoli Theatre, B'way at 49. Tues., Jan. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-1633.)

ON THE AIR—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri., Jan. 8, at 2:30 P.M., WOR.... N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sun., Jan. 10, at 5 P.M., WEAF.... Philharmonic-Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., Jan. 10, at 3 P.M., WABC.... Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Jan. 16, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ.... Metropolitan Opera: "Lakmé," with Lily Pons, Jacques Gerard, and Norman Cordon, Sat., Jan. 9; "Manon," with Bidu Sayao, John Brownlee, and Charles Kullman, Sat., Jan. 16; at 2 P.M., WJZ.... Boxing: Bob Montgomery vs. Chester Rico, Fri., Jan. 8, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat., Jan. 9-10, at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8:30 P.M., WHN.... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Early American as well as French and English eighteenth-century furniture, paintings by Watteau, Schall, Huet, and other artists of the French school, Georgian silver, Oriental and French rugs, and rare books, collected by the late Condé Nast, Pierre Lorillard, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 7-9, and Mon. through Wed., Jan. 11-13, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Paintings by Hoppner, Constable, Bonheur, Bouguereau, and other English and European artists, from the collections of Mrs. Frederic J. Merrick, the late Leon Hirsch, and others: Thurs., Jan. 7, at 8 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BLACK SWAN—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, George Sanders, and Maureen O'Hara. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

CASABLANCA—There was apparently some excitement in the town even before the A.E.F. moved in. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains are surrounded by spies of all nationalities. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

GENTLEMAN JIM—Errol Flynn plays the part of James J. Corbett, and looks like him too. Alan Hale, Alexis Smith, and William Frawley support him. Fine for fight fans. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Jan. 13.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in an adaptation of the play about life's ups and downs in Bucks County. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Jan. 8.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sun., Jan. 10.... Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 13-14.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Voted the best picture of 1942 by the Film Critics' Circle, and with a certain amount of justice. It's the one about the British destroyer, by, and with, Noel Coward. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Agnes Moorehead, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins all perform creditably in this tricky adaptation by Orson Welles of Booth Tarkington's novel. Mr. Welles doesn't appear himself, but you know he's around somewhere. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Jan. 8.)

MRS. MINIVER—Running well over two hours and abundant in incident and sentiment, this shows us how war came to the pleasant lives of English people and how they have endured it. Very polished and often very stirring. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Jan. 7.)

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—A film record of parts of the Russian counter-offensive of last winter, showing the military and climatic forces which had the Germans groggy. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Wed., Jan. 13.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 11-12.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—A reproduction of the play about Greenwich Village, with most of the gags intact. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Jan. 11.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 9-11.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Jan. 12-16.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—James Cagney as the late George M. Cohan in some magnificent chapters, with music, from the great man's life. A grand show, helped, too, by Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 12-14.)

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and the war. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 10-12.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Tues., Jan. 12.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 9-11.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 12-13.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (1941)—From the play about three batty sisters and murder in a lonely cottage on a heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 9-11.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 13-14.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Dashiell Hammett's best-seller. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Thurs., Jan. 7.)

SERGEANT YORK (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 12-14.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 8-10.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED (1940)—The old Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Jan. 9.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—THURS., JAN. 7: "Rebellion. Mutiny in Odessa" (1906); "Kino-Pravda" (1922); "Kombrig Ivanov" (1923); "Potemkin" (1925), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. FRI. AND SAT., JAN. 8-9: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg. SUN. AND MON., JAN. 10-11: "The Unholy Three" (1925), Lon Chaney. TUES. AND WED., JAN. 12-13: "Variety" (1925), Emil Jannings. THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 14-15: "Don Q, Son of Zorro" (1925), Douglas Fairbanks. SAT., JAN. 16: "Stella Dallas" (1925).

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Residents of Manhattan who want to help out by taking one of the many hundreds of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

emergency jobs now in need of filling should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which supervises much of the volunteer work locally and also is in a position to help civilians sign up with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (4) men deferred in or exempt from the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (5) men and women to work part time on a regular day or evening schedule, doing clerical work in draft-board and similar offices.

The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can be called upon from time to time for various short-notice jobs. At the moment, for example, there is a demand for men and women to do clerical work in connection with rationing.

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is wanted for the manufacture of explosives, is growing more acute. Meanwhile rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently wanted as ever. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for kitchen fat. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, in the case of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for the manufacture, among other things, of gunpowder bags and parachutes. Most department stores have collection depots at their hosiery counters.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of running these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The 1943 Victory Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, the Red Cross, and the United Service Organizations, has just begun, with the aim of getting more than 10,000,000 volumes which will be sent to servicemen both here and abroad. People with books to contribute (Western and mystery stories are particularly in demand), are asked to tie them in packages and deliver them to any public library. . . . Although Christmas is over, the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), still wants packages for men overseas. Such packages should be no larger than a shoebox and should contain presents like soap, toothbrushes, hard candy, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades, shoe polish, chewing gum, pencils, and stationery. The organization also will arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs, phonograph records, radios, athletic paraphernalia, and card tables which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. . . . The government wants to borrow, for military purposes, snapshots and movies taken in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some to lend, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the Office of Strategic Services (Strategic Photos), Box 46, Station G, New York City. . . . The Army is looking for 300,000 dogs, each weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old, to train for sentry, pack, and messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements.

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	Marillyn (Fat)	Margaret (Fit)	Difference
Weight	146½	120½	26
Height	5′ 3¼″	5′ 4¾″	1½″
Bust	36½″	34″	2½″
Waist	29″	24″	5″
Hips	38″	33″	5″
Abdomen	36″	29″	7″

And notice the difference in their legs—which were identical before Margaret came to the Success School.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOCIAL NOTE FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL: The six other women in the new House of Representatives are: Mrs. Mary T. Norton of New Jersey, Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, Miss Winifred Stanley of New York, Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, Mrs. Frances P. Bolton of Ohio, and Miss Jessie Sumner of Illinois.

AS a moral lesson, the assassination of Darlan was overshadowed, we are inclined to think, by a less-publicized event that occurred a few days before—the suicide of General Chang Ching-hui, puppet Premier of Manchukuo. As we understood the story, the seventy-year-old General, after ten years of collaborating with the Japanese, got so fed up with the whole damn thing that he ran amok, managing to shoot five or six other traitors and Japanese officials before poisoning his family and killing himself. It seems to us a pleasant act of justice that the Manchukuo government, the first puppet government set up by an Axis power, should be the first to crack, and the lesson, as we see it, is that ten years is probably as long as even the most collaborative Quisling can put up with the Axis. This doesn't bode well for a New Order guaranteed by the big boss to last ten thousand years.

SUPPOSE some Washington columnist snooped out the news that the WTO, a government bureau with fifteen thousand employees under one roof, had solemnly added sixty seconds to the regulation luncheon period, increasing it from thirty-five to thirty-*six* minutes, with the explanation that this was done in order to make the working week figure out to exactly thirty-seven hours. We shudder to think of the stout resistance that would be put up to this little bookkeeping dodge—the editorials asking, in tones of humorous despair, whether bureaucracy could be carried further; the cartoons showing John Q. Public, clothed in a barrel, wistfully watching a bloated Civil

Service employee eat a big thirty-six-minute lunch out of a dish labelled "Taxes;" the letters to the editor, from Disgusted, Soldier's Mother, and Westchester Taxpayer; the sober follow-up stories pointing out that 15,000 minutes a week make 1,625 eight-hour working days a year. We're awfully, awfully glad that there is no WTO, and that no Washington bureau has ever added a single minute to the official lunch hour; what with the Mayris Chaney scandal, it would have been enough to unseat the administration. The thing that started us on this train of thought was the fact that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's New York office *has* increased its lunch hour from thirty-five minutes to thirty-six. In this case, however, it was done by hardheaded businessmen who obviously had a good reason for it, even if it isn't plain to the layman. Our reflection on this is merely that the adjective "bureaucratic," though it springs up like a sturdy weed in the editorials, is really a delicate little plant; transplant it from Washington, it dies.

WE'VE been worried ever since we read about the booklet issued in England telling British girls that when

an American soldier says "Hi, Babe!" he simply means "It's a lovely day, isn't it?" That is one of those explanations which are dangerous because incomplete—like a she-bear lacking one cub. The salutation "Hi, Babe!" cannot possibly be translated into six English words; it takes seven. The soldier, when he says it, doesn't mean simply "It's a lovely day, isn't it?" He means "It's a lovely day, isn't it, *sister*?" And by "sister" he means "And you're *not* my sister, are you?"—which is another seven words of explanation right there. We feel it our duty to inform English girls that when an American says "Hi, Babe!" he is uttering the longest sentence in our language, a salutation full of praise for the lovely day and also for the lovely world in which he is the hero and you, Babe, are the newest character, just this minute introduced by the author and therefore capable of almost anything and infinitely important to the story. It is, indeed, a lovely day, dearly beloved sister, a lovely, lovely day.

WE have occasionally speculated on how our civilization could most readily be explained to a new arrival; that is, to someone popping up unexpectedly from another planet or another century. The initial surprise of such a person would of course be very great, and he would be all eyes and ears, and it would be advisable to sit him down quietly somewhere and hand him something to read, something that would acclimatize him quickly—a thumbnail sketch of the pattern of life America is following. But what? The other week the perfect thing turned up. It was a résumé, in the *Journal-American*, of what had happened in the comic strips during the newspaper strike. Nothing we have ever read, anywhere, has seemed to catch our life and times so succinctly as this curious document, beginning, "BLONDIE (Monday) Dagwood absently reads . . ." and ending, "KRAZY KAT (Wednesday) Ignatz has a black eye." A newcomer to our world had better master this prospectus

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first, then start forth to view our amazing century for himself.

A Few Naval Distinctions

IT'S been our experience that the average civilian, although perfectly equipped to explore global strategy with Dorothy Thompson, needs an occasional refresher course in elementary terminology. This lecture will deal with the various classes of naval vessels, and we will excuse anybody who knows offhand whether or not a heavy cruiser is invariably heavier than a light cruiser. (The answer is No. For instance, the light cruiser Boise, which accounted for six Japanese ships off Guadalcanal a couple of months ago, is thirty-one feet longer and a thousand tons heavier than the heavy cruiser Houston, which was lost in the Battle of the Java Sea. The gimmick here is that the terms "light" and "heavy" refer only to the size of the guns the ship mounts. The main battery of a heavy cruiser consists of eight-inch guns; a light cruiser's big guns are at least five and less than eight inches.) Just to prove that the whole subject is steeped in doubt, if not actual confusion, we'll remind you that there was quite a brisk disagreement at General MacArthur's headquarters after a Flying Fortress had bombed and sunk a Jap warship late last October; one faction said it was a heavy cruiser and another insisted that it was a battleship. A battleship could be shorter than a heavy cruiser, but of course a battleship's guns and armor-plating would be very much heavier.

The torpedo boat is the smallest, though not necessarily the least effective, of the combat ships designed for a modern fleet action on the high seas. Then, logically, comes the destroyer, which was originally called the torpedo-boat destroyer and was designed to be just that; defensive armor is sacrificed for speed and mobility, but the guns are heavy enough to blow a torpedo boat right out of the water. An average English or American destroyer would be of less than two thousand tons and would mount four- or five-inch guns; Russia and France have built super-destroyers about five hundred tons heavier and carrying slightly larger guns, with the perfectly sensible idea of making them superior to enemy destroyers. A class of fighting ship that originated with this war is the destroyer-killer—the American Atlanta cruisers. These vessels attain a speed of thirty-eight knots, mount twelve five-inch guns, and are a dead cinch to overtake and sink practically any destroyer afloat. They have little or no armor plate and must rely on their superior speed to keep away from the bigger ships. Heavy and light cruisers are much of a size, the principal difference between them being, as we've said, the size of their big guns. There are some pretty small cruisers left over from the last war, but some of those built recently run pretty big—about six hundred feet, or a hundred feet less than a modern battleship.

Most of the battleships in service today date back to the other war, which means that they're around six hundred feet long, thirty thousand tons in weight, armed with fourteen-inch or sixteen-inch guns, and capable only of the relatively slow speed of twenty knots or so. The newest battleships are terrific—ten thousand tons heavier, a hundred feet longer, ten knots faster, and just as strong on defensive armor and big guns. Armored cruisers, fairly common in the last war, were outlawed at the 1921 Washington Disarmament Conference and have not been revived; they were like lesser battleships, bulky and heavily armored. The battle cruiser, which might be described as a fast battleship with comparatively light protective armor, is a rarity at the moment. The Turks have one, called the Yavuz, six hundred and ten feet long, with ten eleven-inch guns; and the British Renown, seven hundred and eighty-seven feet long and mounting six fifteen-inch guns, falls into the same class. Otherwise, there aren't any battle cruisers, although half a dozen are now under construction in American shipyards.

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PROOF that it's hard to tell one ship from another from the air is supplied by an anecdote that was sent us from England, and which we don't recall having seen in the American press. When the German battleship Bismarck was being hunted in the North Atlantic last year, the British aircraft carrier Ark Royal was in close contact with the cruiser Sheffield. Finally the Bismarck was located, or, to be exact, was reported to be within a certain area, but the fog was so bad that she couldn't be pinned down. Anyway, fifteen torpedo planes took off from the Ark Royal and presently sighted what they assumed to be the Bismarck. One by one, all fifteen planes launched their torpedoes, which were dodged by the target with an agility surprising in a battleship. The last pilot to fly over and drop a torpedo realized that the target wasn't the Bismarck at all; it was the Sheffield. Feeling, no doubt, that this mistake called for some gesture of apology, he turned back and, with his signal light, blinked out, "Sorry for the kippers, old man." Whatever reply the Sheffield made is unknown to us, which is probably just as well.

Wenberg's Monument

IN journalism, as in life, one thing leads to another. Following a recent study in this department of the origin of Eggs Benedict, one of our readers called up, identified himself rather loosely as a friend of Frank Crowninshield, and stated that Crowninshield knew all about the Newberg of the recipe that bears his name. "Crownie told me only last summer that Lobster Newberg was named after a Judge Newberg, who first cooked the dish personally at the old Delmonicos," he said.

We at once arranged to interview Mr. Crowninshield, who obligingly proceeded to confirm the above at some length, with the amendment that the Judge's name was Newberg*er*. "The original Delmonicos was on Fourteenth Street, a few doors east of Fifth Avenue," he began. "Lorenzo Delmonico was in charge. In the seventies, or perhaps the early eighties, he moved to Twenty-sixth Street on the west side of Fifth Avenue, facing Madison Square. His son Charles was in charge there. You will remember that when, later, Delmonicos moved to Forty-fourth Street, at the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue, Martin—J. B. Martin, not Louis—took over the Twenty-sixth-Street Delmonicos." We nodded, and Mr. Crowninshield raised an eyebrow. "Well," he said, "Charles Delmonico was not, by law, allowed to run his restaurant on Sundays. This annoyed him. He adopted the custom of asking a few friends to come in Sundays around noon and cook for themselves. There'd be a few busboys, don't you know, and lots of wine. One Sunday, Judge Newberger, one of the guests, was cooking around in a chafing dish, and Delmonico sampled his concoction. He pronounced it excellent and said he would put it on his menu as Lobster à la Newberger. The Judge demurred. 'I'm a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York State,' he said. 'You can't name a lobster after me. Why don't you call it Newburgh, after that little town on the Hudson?'

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There *is* a little town on the Hudson called Newburgh, isn't there?" Mr. Crowninshield asked anxiously. We nodded. "Newberger's first name escapes me," said Mr. Crowninshield. "You can get it from the Bar Association. Of course, I may be all wrong about all this. Wait! It's all here in a book."

Mr. Crowninshield turned to his shelves and pulled out a copy of "The American Hotel," by Jefferson Williamson. "Lobster à la Newberg was the Delmonico dish that perhaps attained the widest fame," he read. "There is an interesting story in connection with this immortal midnight dainty." At this point Mr. Crowninshield paused for a few moments and then smiled like a tiger. "Well, I was only partially right," he said, and he read the following passage, which we subsequently copied off:

According to tradition, Skipper Ben Wenberg, owner of a line of fruit and passenger boats plying between New York and Latin America, was one of Delmonicos regular patrons in the 1870's and 1880's. He was one of the town's gourmets and fastidious dressers. One Sunday afternoon on his return from Central America he entered Delmonicos with some friends and, calling for a blazer, two large lobsters, half a pound of unsalted butter, six fresh eggs, a glass of Jamaica rum, and a pint of heavy cream, he showed Charles Delmonico how to prepare a new dish. A species of hot pepper which Wenberg had brought with him from Latin America was added after the cooking was completed and red pepper was sprinkled over each portion when it was ready for serving. Wenberg's friends were delighted with it, and it went on to the Delmonico menu as "lobster à la Wenberg." (Charles Delmonico substituted sherry, however, for rum in the recipe.)

A few years later, Wenberg got on the famous Delmonico *black list* because of a violent quarrel in the restaurant with some other patrons over the merits of President Cleveland's restoration to citizenship of Edward S. Stokes, who in 1873 had been sent to Sing Sing for four years for the murder of Jim Fisk. Delmonico ordered that "lobster à la Wenberg" be changed to "lobster à la Newberg."

We thanked Mr. Crowninshield, who politely showed us to the door, calling our attention to several Rouaults and African masks en route. "Williamson is wrong about Cleveland restoring Stokes's citizenship," Mr. Crowninshield said. "Cleveland did something or other, but it wasn't that. Writers sometimes make these little mistakes."

Judgment on Snow

A MIGHTY cute Southern girl, a freshman in one of the Eastern colleges, experienced her first snowstorm the other day. The housemother asked her how she liked it. "Well, it's right messy underfoot, but it *does* something for a girl when it gets on her eyelashes," the little student said.

Safe in Berlin

ALFRED HITCHCOCK will positively drool when he hears about the adventures of Dr. José Antonio Aguirre, President in exile of the Basque Republic and at the moment a lecturer in history at Columbia. Dr. Aguirre, we predict, will be remembered as perhaps the only political refugee who escaped from the Nazis by fleeing *to* Germany. We'll leave you holding your breath and go back to the year 1936, when Dr. Aguirre, then a young man of thirty-two with a legal background and a comfortable fortune derived from a chocolate factory, was elected President of the Basques. Pretty soon up bobs Franco, and the Basques, although solidly Catholic, take sides against him, just on general principles. Aguirre and his entire family managed, one way or another, to get to France before Franco could catch them; Aguirre himself made it by walking over the Pyrenees, along with President Companys of the Catalan Republic, also an anti-Franco man, later captured in France by the Germans and turned over to the Spaniards, who shot

"I thought I'd better lay in a supply before the hoarders started buying."

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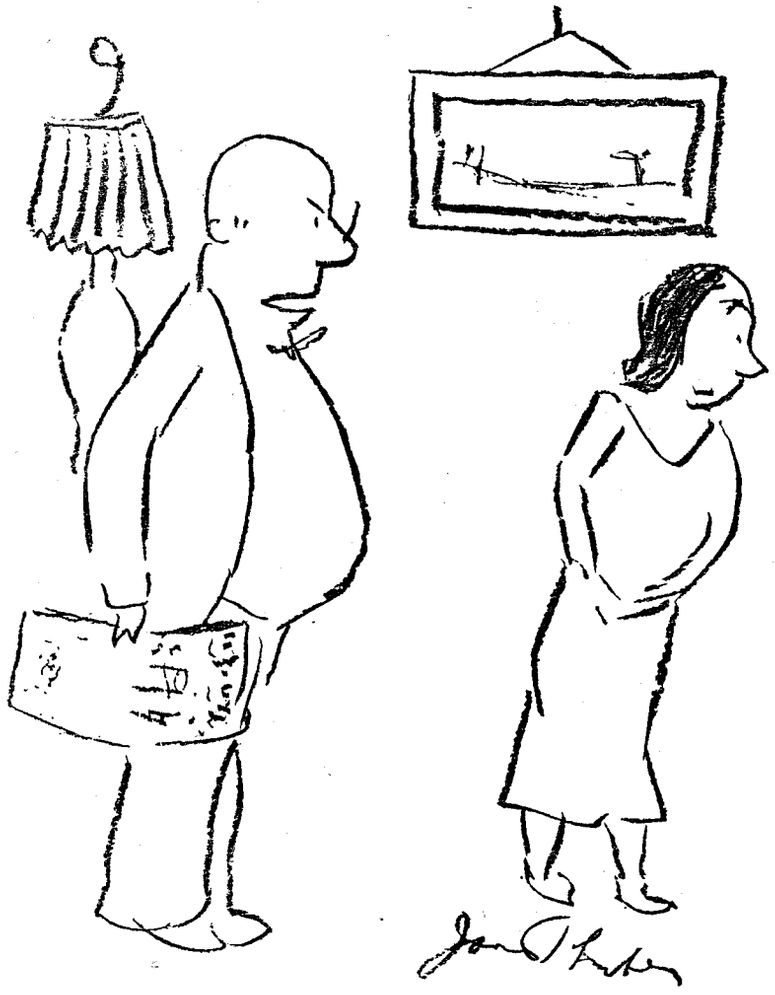
him. Aguirre's mother, sister, and brother went to live in Louvain, Belgium, where the brother enrolled at the university. Aguirre settled down in Paris with his wife and children.

When the Germans invaded the Low Countries, Aguirre was in Louvain, visiting his brother. Aguirre, who knew that he'd meet Companys' fate if captured, tried, with the rest of the family to get to France, but succeeded only in reaching a place called La Panne, about ten miles from Dunkerque, where the evacuation was then being carried out. Here Aguirre's sister was killed by a German shell, and each of the survivors of the family group struck out on his own. Aguirre joined forces with a businessman who had a car and who had decided to go back inside the German lines. "It wasn't hard," Aguirre says now. "The Germans had the country and were going to search it later." He reached Brussels and lived several weeks in a monastery. He had been recommended by a priest who had travelled with them to Brussels, and the Brothers allowed him to stay until he had grown a mustache bushy enough to serve as a disguise. Then they gave him a pair of spectacles to complete the disguise and turned him loose. Basques have always had cordial relations with Latin Americans, and Aguirre next turned to the Panamanian Consul (the Consul is out of harm's way now, of course, so it's all right to tell about it). The Consul lied like a Trojan and got Aguirre, as a Panamanian, a German identity card in the name of Dr. José Alvarez. From a friendly Portuguese, Dr. Alvarez managed to get a loan of a thousand dollars, his family and political connections apparently serving as sufficient security.

As Dr. Alvarez, Aguirre lived six months in Belgium. Then, feeling he was spending his money and getting nowhere, he decided to try to escape through Germany. The staffs of four or five Latin-American consulates were enthusiastic confederates in this escapade. Argentina, Dr. Aguirre told us, was especially helpful. Anyway, he arrived in Berlin early in 1941 and took a room on the Kurfürstendamm Strasse. He lived there for another six months, spending most of his time at the movies. "Only the cinema was cheap and good," he told us. He had five hundred American dollars but spent just three hundred during his stay; this was possible because, on the black market, the dollar brought twelve to fifteen marks, as opposed to the legal rate of two and a half. Though a man of comparative means, Aguirre couldn't get his shoes half-soled, simply because there weren't any half-soles. The food, he says, was unappetizing and scanty, but nobody in Berlin seemed to be starving while he was there. Aguirre probably made out a little better than the average Berliner, since he was regularly invited to dine at the various Latin-American embassies which were in on his secret. One of them had him to dine with a member of the Franco Embassy in Berlin. During the evening the talk turned to Aguirre, and the Franco man assured his hosts that Aguirre had absconded with a million dollars of the Basque government's funds and was living a life of luxury in Mexico.

All good things have to come to an end, and at last it was time for Aguirre to leave Berlin. His wife and children arrived in Berlin under assumed names, and the Gestapo issued each of them the necessary passport and travel permit for Sweden. After that it was just a question of keeping the kids from talking Basque until they were out of Nazi territory—and then getting a boat from Sweden to South America.



"I have given you a son and the best years of my life, haven't I? What more do you want?"

Discipline

THE eager docility of the wartime civilian mind was never better exemplified than by an incident that took place in one of Gimbels' elevators during the gift-exchanging rush. The operator, a little minx plainly new to the job, took on a load of passengers at the ground floor, closed the door, and said, in tones of authority, "Face the rear, please." Without a moment's hesitation —and certainly without a moment's thought—all the passengers faced the rear. It was such an odd sight that the operator exclaimed, "My God, that can't be right! Face the front, please!" The passengers executed another about-face. Theirs not to reason why.

Forum

ALTHOUGH there is a high-powered department elsewhere in these pages that is devoted purely to motion-picture criticism, we herewith submit, as a supplementary service, a report on the current film "Journey for Margaret," as analyzed by a body of boys and girls from eight to fourteen

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which operates under the sponsorship of the National Board of Review. Its function is to give the Board an inkling of the reaction of extreme youth to movies of all varieties. At the invitation of its adult director, Miss Helen Cahill, we sat in while the Young Reviewers, as the group is called, saw a screening of "Journey" in a projection room and discussed it afterward. Miss Cahill had explained to us that since new members, selected at random from local schools, are constantly replacing old ones whose judgment might have lost its bite, there is never any predicting how fruitful a discussion will be. "They nearly always say something, though," she told us.

"P.S. 176, Class 5B—pupil refuses to do homework."

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Counting the house on our arrival, we found that some twenty Young Reviewers were present. The film started right away, and the audience saw it through in silence, except for well-mannered squeals at some of the gayer episodes. "Journey for Margaret," in case you haven't seen it, is about two small children named Margaret and Peter, who are orphaned in London air raids and are brought to America by a newspaper correspondent named Johnny Davis, better known to moviegoers as Robert Young. When the lights went up, Miss Cahill distributed questionnaires calling for opinions on the acting, the directing, and the quality of the picture as a whole. "What are you going to say—very good?" we heard one little Margaret ask another. "Fair, I think," said the other. "Oh, fair is awful," said the first.

Miss Cahill collected the papers when they were finished and selected one of the older boys as leader of the open discussion. We learned, by cribbing from his questionnaire, that he was Kenneth Sapiro, age fourteen. He went to the front of the room and got started right away. "How many liked it?" he asked. All hands went up. "Is it all right for high-school age, or what?" Master Sapiro asked further. A lone hand was raised and, on getting a nod from the chair, a boy stood up and said, "I think high-school and grown people." A girl around twelve was recognized and said, "I don't think young children would enjoy it, because it's not for them." A boy said, "They would enjoy it but not get the full understanding." "What about the acting?" asked the chair. Then things began to hum. "I think Robert Young was very good," said one of the girls. "The acting wasn't exceptional," said a boy. "The children acted good, considering it was children," said another boy. "The children acted well, whether or not they were children," said a girl. She threw in a provocative generalization: "And anyway, everybody likes to see children act." Master Sapiro changed the subject smoothly. "Was the picture just entertaining," he asked, "or was there something to think about?" A boy observed, "The main idea was not to let it happen here." A very small girl thereupon objected to the title. "It was a journey for Peter, too," she pointed out. Another girl rose to say, "The part I can't understand is how Peter was taken back to the orphan home after he was shown with the other lady," and a third girl replied, "It was obvious that the woman wasn't suited to take care of him." A boy came in swinging. "She didn't like the title," he said, pointing to the very small girl who had brought up the subject, "but everybody suspects that Margaret will go, but it's the last thing you think of that Peter will go, and there's suspense. The title was good." The girl responded, "In answer to the boy who contradicted me, I don't think there was much suspense. The plot certainly wasn't very new." A lad of an apparently mediating frame of mind arose and said, "A friend of mine is a professional writer and I asked him what he does for a new idea, and he said he never has a new idea." This realistic contribution seemed to clear the air. The discussion got along better from then on.

Handout

WE have reported already that the apartment building on Washington Square where the Franklin D. Roosevelts have their New York headquarters boasts a pigeon-scaring device that doesn't work. The idea was that the doorman, by jerking a rope which hangs near the entrance, could agitate another rope which parallels the coping where the pigeons like to sit, and scare them off. The pigeons caught on right away, however, and refused to move. The doorman has now taken to putting out crumbs and things in the park across the street. The pigeons have been behaving beautifully, and will undoubtedly vote Democratic in 1944.

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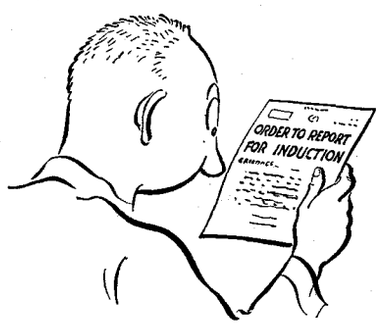

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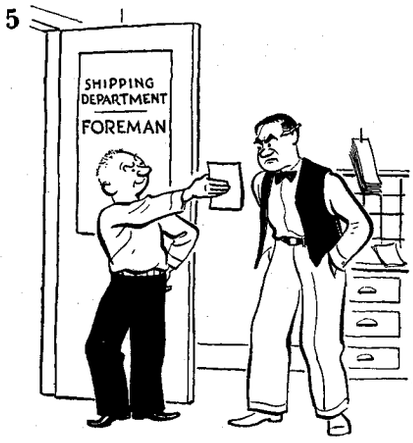

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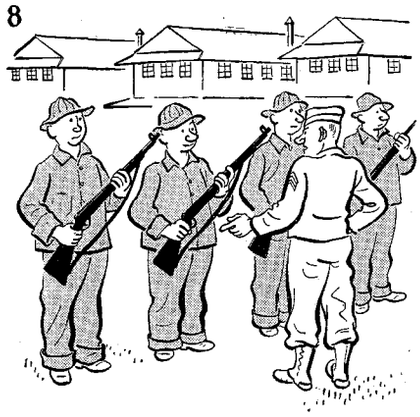

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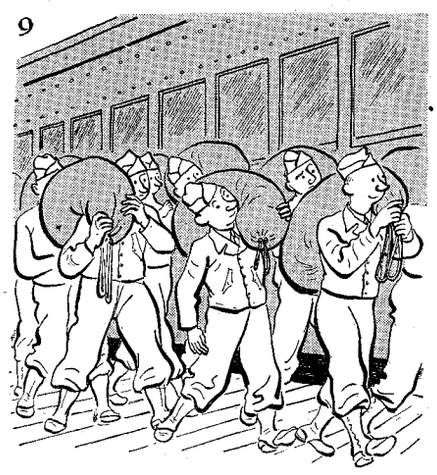

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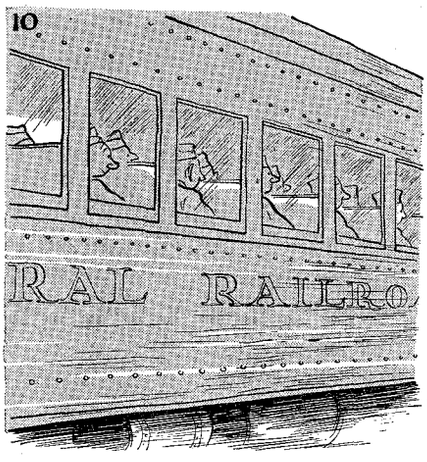

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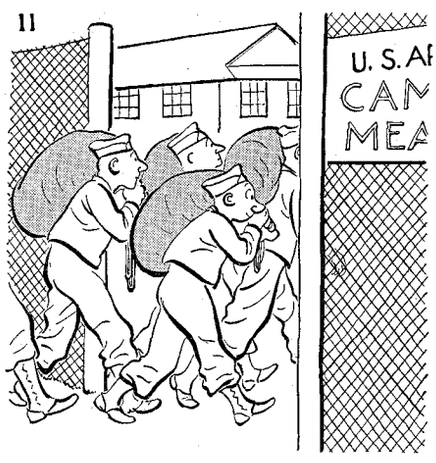

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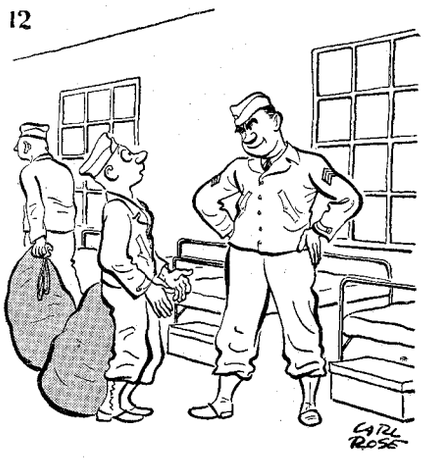

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MAY ON A'S

THE Lanes made a point of being very family, and Sunday morning was the most family time of all. Other mornings they ate hastily, the demands of the day heavy upon them, and the clock drove them apart. Sundays they idled and chattered, filling the toaster again and again. On Sundays, Richard and the two children became the servants, and Florence, a faculty wife who did all her own work besides being chairman of the Blood Donors Committee, could drowse in bed as long as she pleased. The children were willing to help other days, too, of course, but a full schedule of school, music and dancing lessons, dentist's appointments, and, in winter, the skating club left them very little time. For a while on Sundays they had served Florence's breakfast in bed, trooping up one after another with surprises she could exclaim over or things they had forgotten—spoons or the salt. Lying against the heaped-up pillows, she looked younger and pretty, her prominent features softened and her eyes bright. But finally she confessed she was lonely up there, even with the Sunday paper, or parts of it. She would rather be with her darlings. Nowadays she took a long shower, the water drowning out the kitchen sounds, and came down when they announced, with two strokes of the ship's bell in the hall, that breakfast was ready.

The Lanes were a great family for surprises and this Sunday, Spencer, who was eleven, announced to his father and sister that he had a surprise planned. He was already excited. He took things too seriously for a boy. When he read, he frowned and rubbed the pages between his fingers. This morning after the oranges were squeezed and the table set, he said he wanted the kitchen to himself. "You go for the paper this morning, Dad. I'll have breakfast all ready when you come back." Hartnet's had stopped deliveries and somebody had to go for the paper Sundays on one of the family bicycles.

Richard looked out at the frosty grass and went to pull on his windbreaker. "Send me out in the cold and you'll have me back ravening." He smiled and took a demonstratively deep breath. "I'm already hungry. Will Marcia help you?"

"No, you go too, Marsh," Spencer said. "I'll be O.K. Only take your time."

"Oh, Daddy, will you ride me?" Marcia begged.

Richard put one finger to his chin. "I *could*."

"Oh, Daddy, please!"

He grinned. "As long as you're nine, yes. But on February third you'll become too heavy."

Richard went to the garage and wheeled out his bike. With a backward leap, Marcia lifted herself onto the bar in front of her father so that she sat sidesaddle, encircled by his arms. Standing by the window, tying on his mother's apron, Spencer saw them coasting down the gentle slope toward town. It would give him time. He smiled happily.

They were just returning when Florence came down the stairs. Spencer had sent them around from the back door so they could not see what he was doing, and they came noisily into the quiet front hall. "Oh, Mommy," Marcia squealed, "Daddy rode me all the way up the hill, too." She threw her arms around him. "Wonderful Daddy!"

"It wasn't as strenuous as I'd have thought," Richard said, "except"—he laid his fingers on his stomach—"for the emptiness below." His wide nose was small for his full, rather pink face; he was still very good-looking in a Teddy-bearish way. His unthinning blond hair showed gray only under a strong light; in his classes he used a reading light on the lectern.

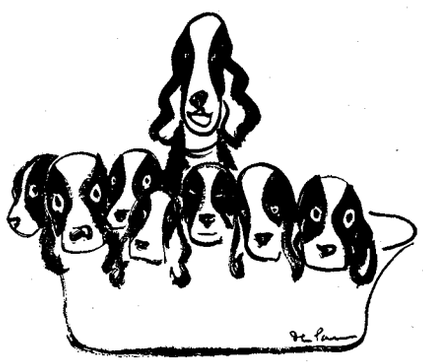
"Did any of your fair students see you? I bet you went by Craigie Street," Florence said.

"Of course." He grinned. "It's the shortest way."

"The picturesque Mr. Lane mounted on a bicycle with his charming daughter."

He reached out to pull her nose, but she ducked. "None of them were up yet." He put his things in the closet. On the inside of the door hung a huge white helmet and, below it, armband, flashlight, and whistle.

" 'The most popular teacher of freshman courses,' " she said reflectively. "How did the others feel when the *Maroon* said that?"



"It gets under their skin a little. But they make it sound faintly disgraceful. Neglecting your career for mere students." He went into the dining room. "Can we start our cereal?" he called to Spencer.

"Don't they see how you've earned it?" Florence asked. "You put yourself into it so. You could have written a dozen books with half the energy."

Richard smiled and unfolded the first section of the paper beside his plate. Then he drank his orange juice.

Spencer had sat down at his place, still in his apron. "Don't eat too much cereal, Daddy," he said.

Florence turned to him. "Ah, what's this? Aren't I included?"

"Oh yes, Mother, but it's something Dad especially loves."

"Well, Brillat-Savarin, I only hope you've made enough," Richard said.

"Don't give it away!" Marcia exclaimed to Spencer.

He looked at her with scorn. "Give it away! Who's giving anything away? You're the one who's always giving things away."

"Now, now, children," Richard said good-humoredly, without looking up. "In this world nothing is given away."

Florence had distributed parts of the paper to the children and propped the book section beside her plate. Marcia was already absorbed. She began reading out loud in a high voice from the Good Sport page. " 'True Happening on My Family and Relatives: My mother, brother, and I were riding in a car one day. Mother said, "Look at the planes in formation." My brother answered, "They're not in *four*mation. They're in *three*mation." ' "

"Sounds like you, Spence," his father said. Spencer rolled up his eyes until just the whites showed, in pretended disgust.

Richard looked down at his empty bowl. "Say, Spencer," he said, "when is coming that delicious, delectable delight?" His voice became Southern, for comic emphasis. "It jist don't seem's Ah kin wait enny longer."

Spencer looked at his watch. "It'll be here all right." It was hard for him not to sit grinning with expectancy.

" 'What kind of a doctor will a duck make?' " Marcia read.

"Darling, we're *trying* to read our own papers," her mother said.

"Oh, wait, please," Marcia begged. "Just this one. I don't understand it,

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Daddy. There's 'John' written under 'Wood' and then over 'Mass,' and it says it's a whole name and address."

Spencer had started for the kitchen with the empty bowls but turned back when he heard what she was reading. "That's an old one!" he shouted. "You've already mostly said it. John under Wood and over Mass. See—John Underwood, Andover, Mass."

"Oh, I wanted to guess it," Marcia said indignantly. "Why did you have to say it?"

"Look, Marcia, that's all right," Richard said. "I'll show you a good one." He took out a pencil and smoothed the newspaper before him. On a vacant space in a department-store advertisement he lettered "ST" and wrote the syllable "pol" several times, once neatly above the "ST," the other times carelessly. "Do you know this one, Spencer?" he asked.

Spencer leaned over and then shook his head.

Florence had been watching the little group opposite her. Now she reached forward and squeezed Richard's hand. "Oh, Richard," she said, "aren't we the happiest people in the world? What could anyone want more?"

He lifted his chin and pursed his lips for a kiss.

"Tell us the answer. What is it, Daddy?" Marcia was impatient.

"Let Spencer think a while. And you might use your own noggin."

Florence twisted her head to see it. "It's too much for me."

"All right," Richard said, watching for the effect on his little audience, "I'll tell you. It is"—he paused and then spoke very distinctly—"Hon-es-ty is the best pol-i-cy."

"I don't understand," Marcia said.

"Pol I see! I catch," Spencer exclaimed. His face was very like his mother's but more animated. "Say, Dad, that's keen." He left for the kitchen.

"Bring on the feast, lad," Richard called after him.

"You're wonderful, Richard," Florence said. "I can see how you're such a good teacher."

"I want to send in something to get the Good Sport badge," Marcia said. "What could I think of? A puzzle?"

"Sure, start with something specific, near at hand," Richard said. "That's what I tell my students. Something to do with eating, for instance. I'll think, too." He shut his eyes and tilted his head back so that his skin stretched smooth and firm. He looked very handsome.

Florence had gone back to the book section. "Oh, Richard," she said, "Andy's novel has been published. Did you know it was coming out this week?"

"Sometime around now. Didn't I tell you? I assumed you knew. Priscilla hasn't let anyone forget it." He shut his eyes again. "I've thought of one, Marcia." He smiled and drew the paper over to him again and began writing.

"There's a long review," Florence said. "And his picture without glasses. I think he might have given us a copy. I'd like to read it."

"Let me see, Mommy." Marcia got up and leaned over her shoulder. "Andy Hildreth. I know him."

"Are you interested in this, Marcia?" Richard asked, a little sharply. "I'm doing it for you." He had lettered "a" several times in a row and, above, written the word "may." He waited while Florence read the review and Marcia studied his puzzle. "What do they say about it?" he asked finally.

"I don't see what Daddy's puzzle can be, do you, Mommy? Look, Mommy. Mommy, look."

Florence glanced over. "No, I don't," she said casually. "The review's wonderful, Richard. Isn't that good! I'll read you the end. Oh, but you'd rather read it all yourself, wouldn't you?"

"No, go ahead. That's the Sunday supplement—mostly a puff sheet. Wait till the weeklies get to work on it."

In conversation Florence's voice was tentative, hesitant, but she read very well. " 'Few novelists are masters of such subtle orchestration. Few could develop it with an artistry at once so chiselled and so bright with flame. Because of this unusual combination—' "

"Oh, Daddy," Marcia broke in, "I think I've got it. Is this right?"

He frowned at her. "Sh-h-h. Mummy's reading."

" '. . . of romance and actuality, of insight and passion, of the human will to destruction and our still persisting spirit of—' "

"Everybody ready?" said an exaggeratedly deep voice from behind the door. "The moment has come." Spencer pushed slowly through with a heavily loaded tray in his hands.

" ' "The Moth for the Star" is not a book of a mood or a moment but for the years,' " Florence hastily finished. She put the paper aside. "Why, Spencer! How perfectly splendid! Did you do all that yourself?"

Spencer was grinning proudly. On the tray, besides cocoa and coffee, and eggs scrambled with cheese and herbs, was a large dish covered with a napkin. Spencer removed it with a flourish and

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revealed a great heap of crisp, brown muffins.

"Muffins! What Daddy loves!" Marcia screamed. "Look, Spencer, can you guess Daddy's puzzle? I've got it."

Richard pushed the paper over to him.

"Wait. I've forgotten the marmalade," Spencer said, and went back to the kitchen.

"I'm so happy for Andy," Florence said. "He's only twenty-seven, isn't he? And he brought out that book on Yeats only last year. How can he do so much?"

"The Yeats was just a revision of his doctoral," Richard said quickly, and began spooning the eggs onto the four plates. He picked up a muffin, looked at it absent-mindedly, and put it beside his plate.

When Spencer came back with the marmalade, Marcia held out the piece of newspaper. "Daddy's puzzle's neat, Spence. Can you guess it?"

Florence saw the way Spencer was watching his father. She put her hand on Marcia's arm. "Give Spencer a chance to enjoy his triumph," she suggested. "My, look at the color of them, so firm and well done and yet not one burnt. I bet they're delicious." She broke one open. It was light and golden inside. "Perfect."

"I bet Daddy will eat ten or maybe twenty," Marcia said.

Richard was gazing moodily out the window. When he realized Spencer was watching him and waiting, he took up his muffin, broke it, and buttered one of the pieces. "Mmmm," he murmured unconvincingly, "this *is* a treat."

Marcia had shoved the paper in front of Spencer. "It's something from the kitchen. That you eat."

"Don't give it away," her mother said. "Let him think."

"Didn't you *want* muffins, Daddy?" Spencer asked, worried. His voice sounded like his mother's.

Marcia shook the paper in front of him impatiently. "Something we use for lettuce sandwiches."

Spencer looked down reluctantly to see. "Oh, Marsh, I'd have got it! It's a cinch." He turned back to his father.

Richard made an effort. "Why, Spence! I love them." He put the piece of muffin in his mouth and began chewing vigorously.

"Mayonnaise," Marcia said happily to herself. She sucked in a lock of hair that fell against her mouth. "I'd never think of anything so good. I wish I could send it in to get my badge."

"Madam is at the Grumman Aircraft plant from nine to five, but she is not permitted to receive telephone calls."

• •

Richard ate a little egg and then picked up his muffin again. "Want some marmalade on your muffin, Dad?" Spencer said eagerly, pushing it toward him.

"It wouldn't be fair to the others, where Daddy made it up," Marcia said thoughtfully. She studied the page again. "They sign their names and ages. Janet Scott, aged eight. Gertrude Moscowitz, aged fifteen. She's the oldest. Billy Arnold, aged eleven."

Richard took a long swallow of coffee and another bite of muffin. Spencer saw him, and his look of disappointment began to fade. He had just been crumbling his own muffin between his fingers, but now he nibbled a little.

"Daddy's would be signed 'Richard;' no, 'Dick;' no, 'Dickie.' 'Dickie Lane,

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"I'm afraid it's beginning to show a little on top, Brother Francis."

•

aged forty-one.' " Marcia experimented delightedly with the sounds.

The rhythmic movement of Richard's jaw slowed. "My what?"

"If I sent in your puzzle. Your name would be in the paper, too. Only you'd have to write every week to keep your badge and be in good standing." She giggled at her joke.

Richard had smeared the other half of his muffin with marmalade. He contemplated it solemnly a moment and then carefully wiped the marmalade off.

"Dickie Lane, aged forty-one." Marcia looked around for appreciation.

"Eat your breakfast, Marcia," Florence said.

Marcia was surprised. "I've eaten more than Spencer—or Daddy. Didn't you like the muffins, Daddy?"

Now Richard felt all three looking at him. The movement of his jaws had stopped. He opened his mouth and moved the half-muffin slowly toward it, but it was no good. He just could not eat.

But it was at this moment that they became conscious of what they had all been hearing for a minute or more without recognizing it.

Marcia was first. "It's the siren!" she shouted in excitement, and started for the hall closet.

Richard stood up. "I'll have to assign Harry to Linden Street. We're likely to get an incident this time." He was thoughtful, alert. As he turned from the table, he saw the plate still heaped with muffins standing between him and Spencer. "It's too bad, Spence. But there's always time for muffins. This is war." He pulled on the windbreaker again and crouched down, adjusting his helmet, while Marcia pinned on the armband. Florence was at the window. "Any of the others out yet?" he asked. "They were slow last time." The helmet was large for him, but he looked very well in it. He took the whistle in his hand. "You kids keep inside," he said, and pulled the door shut after him.

Two other wardens came up, and from the living-room window Florence saw Richard assigning them to their posts. Spencer came up and stood beside her. A whistle shrilled outside.

"That's Daddy stopping the traffic on Maple Leaf Avenue," Marcia said happily.

Spencer was silent, and Florence looked down at him. "Let's keep the breakfast hot till this is over," she said with sudden brightness. "It's awfully cold outside and those muffins are so good."

"Do you think he'll want them?" Spencer said doubtfully.

They saw a big truck pull to a stop. The driver got out and began protesting angrily. They saw Richard shake his head. The driver shrugged, climbed back into his cab, and lit a cigarette. A boy on a bicycle came up to Richard with a message, and rode quickly off with his reply.

Florence smiled and put her hand lightly on her son's arm. "Spencer, I'm sure he will," she said.

—Robert Gorham Davis

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

Columbus, Ohio (A.P.)—Mrs. Frances Irwin, aged 31, stood before a coal stove the other day with waste paper in one hand and a $20 bill in the other.

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IN A MIRROR DARKLY

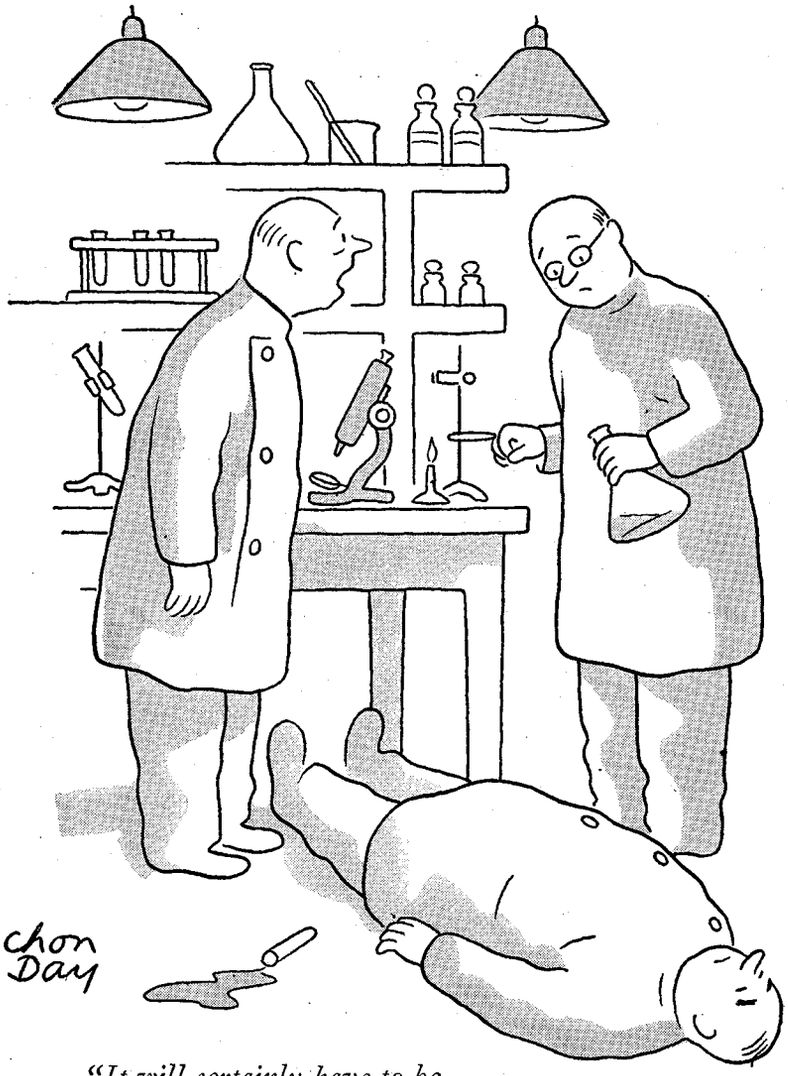
VERY few suburban matrons like myself, somewhat on the stout and decrepit side, have the eerie experience of watching the beautiful Rosalind Russell answer to their names and reënact the catastrophes of their early or salad days. I am not quite sure that I recommend this unique form of entertainment; I nearly jumped out of my liberally freckled skin the first time I saw, in the motion picture "My Sister Eileen," the lovely Miss Russell disguised as myself and inhabiting what was unquestionably the vile, dank hole I called home back in my Greenwich Village days. I suppose I ought to be flattered when I see Miss Russell abroad in my old haunts and cheerfully calling herself me; the only thing is, I am afraid of developing a frightening inferiority complex. What will my friends say when they regard me now and compare me with myself as of only six years ago, courtesy of Columbia Pictures and Miss Russell? I have obviously gone to pot on the grand scale.

I suppose it is useless to argue that I never looked like Miss Russell in the first place, or vice versa. The screen is the most convincing of mediums; if you see it and hear it, it must be so. Even I, who of all people should know better, found myself laughing at my (Miss Russell's) horrid struggles to get rid of the Portuguese Navy. And before the film was over, I was even wistfully reflecting that if I took off seventy pounds and had my hair fixed up a bit I might begin—who knows?—to look a little as I did in the good old days when Miss Russell stalked the streets of Greenwich Village and was trying to get her (my) stories published in this magazine.

At this point it should be clear to the most backward reader that I (not Miss Russell) stand grievously in need of the services of a sound psychiatrist. The motion-picture version of "My Sister Eileen," coming on top of first the stories (which I wrote) and then the play (which two other people wrote), has finally served completely to addle my memory, if not my wits. In a word, my subconscious is totally confused. I catch myself remembering things dreamed up by six other guys, writers on the Columbia lot. To make the confusion worse, every motion-picture patron will soon know my most intimate girlhood secrets; quite soon, I suppose, I'll be the only one left in America to whom the events which really took place in that now-infamous Greenwich Village basement seem steadily obscurer and obscurer.

I'M afraid this all sounds rather carping, and I rush to state that I am more than grateful to Columbia Pictures for casting Rosalind Russell as me. It gives me considerable pleasure to look back on the days of my youth and see Rosalind Russell (me) getting into a size-twelve dress and wrinkling that delightful nose. My own nose is and has always been what the family frankly called pug.

I would also be less than human if I didn't admit that I was much flattered by the motion-picture version of my romance in Greenwich Village. If I remember correctly, any more, the amount of romance around that basement hole, as far as I was concerned, you could put in your eye. To the best of my rapidly failing recollection, I sold my first magazine stories by the dismal and utterly prosaic method of putting them in an envelope and mailing the envelope to an editor whose name I found in an old copy of the Authors' League Bulletin. Now consider how Columbia has revised these earthbound events! In the picture I (Miss Russell) call on the editor in person, and just in time, too, for he is embroiled in a terrific battle with his boss, a mean old publisher. Miss Russell (that's me) immediately wows the editor, who is no slouch for looks himself. Well, that gives you an idea. In no time at all the publisher is a whipped dog and begging for mercy from his hired help; I'm married, or about to be, to the handsome, athletic-type editor; and to cap the lovely climax, my stories are selling like hot cakes while thousands cheer. Hot diggety, as we used to say back in Ohio. Ask any lady author which version of the literary life she would personally prefer—the McKenney or the Columbia approach. What price reality when editors look like Brian Aherne. I can hardly wait until my children are old enough to gather around my rheumatic knee while I tell them that



"It will certainly have to be labelled 'Dangerous if taken internally.'"

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twilight-hour tale which begins, "Well, you see, dear kiddies, in those days your mother, whose name was Rosalind Russell, was quite a torrid number, and one day I went up to the editor's office, and just guess who *he* was?" But suppose the children all chorus, to my eager question, "Daddy!" Or suppose, when I go to call for them at the nursery school, their playmates shout scornfully, "Ha! That's not your old lady! I saw your ma in the movies last Saturday matinée, and she was good-looking."

Maybe I should have thought of all this the first time I wrote about my life and assorted horrors below West Fourteenth Street. But it seemed so simple in those days. Who could have guessed from that first innocent and misspelled typewritten page that I would end up dreaming I was Rosalind Russell? The whole thing sneaked up on me gradually. First, I lived (actually) in Greenwich Village, and, incidentally, the motion pictures have reproduced my quaint little hideout quite accurately in all its macabre detail. Next, I quit my job on a newspaper and moved to Connecticut to write a gloomy book about Akron, Ohio, a subject which at that time utterly fascinated me. But no sooner was I established in Connecticut than I began to starve, owing to want of cash. Driven to the wall, I was forced temporarily to abandon my magnum opus, and, for want of a better subject, I turned to recent events in New York. But like all authors who don't know any better, I couldn't leave well enough alone. I had to doctor things up a bit. Not much—just here and there, a slight touch. You know. It isn't exactly that you lie, heaven forbid, but time dims all things, and you can be pardoned if you add just the least little bit of fiction to what is undeniably mostly fact.

Well, I see now that my first faint fibs have finally overtaken me in the form of Miss Rosalind Russell. Not that I don't immensely admire Miss Russell; I've been a Russell fan for years. But I must say relations between Miss Russell and myself were less complicated when she wasn't I and I wasn't she.

Where were we? Ah, yes. By the time my stories had been published in book form, I was already mixed up about what really happened in Greenwich Village and what I said really happened. And not only was I mixed up. Friends of mine who used to come to that foul basement nook and who knew for a fact where I was cribbing and where I wasn't, got confused themselves and went around telling other people stories that were definitely figments of my fevered imagination. Then the third parties told the stories back to me and I began to think that if other people said those things happened then they must have really happened, although I didn't think they had really quite happened. But what, after all, is truth? Besides, I made a poor but steady living out of the whole thing.

THIS was the situation in the fall of 1940, when Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, two talented playwrights, appeared on the scene. Without giving the matter of my subconscious a second thought, I told them to go right ahead and write a play about me—why not? It seemed an extremely dubious proposition to me personally, but if they were game, so was I. The play opened the last week of 1940 and was a hit. Nobody was more staggered than I. My husband and I paid off the mortgage on our house and built ourselves a swell dam across our creek before I began to feel qualms about my mental health. I date the first of my nightmares from the letter I received from a young man early in April, 1941. This remarkable document began with an offer to assassinate the kindly and totally harmless Morris Carnovsky, who played the landlord in the Broadway company, and wound up with a proposal of marriage. My impetuous correspondent assured me that editors made lousy husbands and he only hoped I had not committed myself for life to my stage suitor. Shaken to the bone, I forwarded the letter to the lovely Miss Shirley Booth, who played me on Broadway, but alas, Miss Booth, after reading the contents, sent the proposal back to me with a note explaining (politely) that she was not my alter ego. I wired her right back, "Then who is?" but she never answered.

From Greenwich Village to Connecticut to Broadway to Hollywood is a long quadruple play and I feel sure the whole thing is my own fault. Of course, I suppose I ought to look at the business objectively. I thought the movie "My Sister Eileen" was funny as anything and exciting entertainment, and if I can laugh at myself, strangers ought to be able to, too. And after all, lots of my friends have nasty old neuroses of the gloomiest kind. One man I know has long periods when he thinks he is a cutworm. I can imagine worse fates than to end up confusing myself with Rosalind Russell.

No, I have nothing to complain of, myself. What I'm really worried about is a horse of a different color. I don't mean to wish anything lousy on Miss Rosalind Russell, but suppose she ends up thinking she's me? *That* would be a catastrophe of such grandiose proportions that the soul shrinks away from even considering it. But we must face facts. Fans! Is Rosalind Russell me or am I Rosalind Russell?

Think before you answer!

—RUTH MCKENNEY

DIDO OF TUNISIA

I had heard of these things before—of chariots rumbling
Through desolate streets, of the battle cries and the danger,
And the flames rising up, and the walls of the houses crumbling.
It was told to me by a stranger.

But it was for love of the fair and long-robed Helen,
The stranger said (his name still troubles my sleep),
That they came to the windy town he used to dwell in,
Over the wine-dark deep.

In the hollow ships they came, though the cost was dear.
And the towers toppled, the heroes were slain without pity.
But whose white arms have beckoned these armies here
To trample my wasted city?

Ah, this, Aeneas, you did not tell me of:
That men might struggle and fall, and not for love.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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"I'd like to exchange this for the kind that has those sticks with the little soft rubber suction discs on the end."

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HAMLETS OF THE WORLD

THE Captain was getting more and more remote every moment. He kept stuffing papers into a heavy saddle-leather bag, humming tunelessly under his breath. From time to time he looked out over the windy plain, swirling with dust in the late-afternoon sun. He would peer thoughtfully into the distance, then shake himself and resume his packing, a little more quickly each time. He never looked at Lieutenant Dumestre.

Lieutenant Dumestre sat on the edge of the desk, very neat in his expensive uniform. He was a tall, fairish man, who looked too young to be in his lieutenant's uniform, too young to be so serious, too young to be in a war.

He never took his eyes off the Captain. The Captain was a round, solid man, who had been very jovial when they had met in Algiers and had paid for the wine and had sighed gallantly over all the pretty women in the café. There was nothing jovial or gallant about the Captain now, as he prepared in a businesslike way to disappear, each moment seeming more and more remote.

"Do you expect to come back, sir?" Lieutenant Dumestre finally asked, because the silence in the orderly room, broken only by the low bumble of the Captain's humming, was at last too much to bear.

The Captain stopped his packing and looked thoughtfully out over the plain again, as though there, in the dust and scrub, some answer to a profound although somewhat vague question was to be found. He stood silently, even forgetting to hum.

"Do you expect to come back, sir?" the Lieutenant asked loudly.

The Captain at last turned and looked at the Lieutenant. His eyes were very cool and you would never have thought from looking at him in this moment that he had ever bought a bottle of wine for a lieutenant in his life. "Come back?" the Captain said. He turned away and sturdily buckled his bag. "Who can tell?"

"What do I do with the Americans?" The Lieutenant noticed angrily that his voice was much higher than it should have been. At St.-Cyr they had been after him all the time to pitch his voice lower. "An order given in the soprano register, Mister, is not calculated to drive troops to impossible glories." "What happens when the Americans arrive?"

The Captain was putting his helmet on very carefully in front of a mirror. "That is just what I hope to discover," he said.

"In the meantime?"

"In the meantime your orders are to resist. Naturally."

The Lieutenant looked out over the plain, hoping painfully that over the rim of the horizon the Americans would appear before the Captain could leave on his personal retreat. But the only movement to be seen was a corporal hurrying to the battery observation post.

"They'll arrive tomorrow morning, at the latest," the Lieutenant said.

"Quite possibly." The Captain picked his bag up decisively, marched out and into the command car. The Lieutenant followed him and saluted. The Captain saluted and the car started and the Captain drove down the road.

THE Lieutenant plodded slowly up the road toward the forward gun, thinking of the Captain in the command car, speeding over a macadam road to Algiers, where there would be other men to make the decisions, other men to say, "We will move to the left, we will move to the right . . ." and the Captain would have to make no decisions himself. No matter how things turned out, he would not be committed and would be a fine fellow with whichever side turned up on top, and would jovially buy wine for his new lieutenant at the second-best restaurant in town. . . .

The Lieutenant made his way to the aimless little mud house they used as an observation post and climbed the ladder and stood under the umbrella next to the red-eyed little corporal and peered through his glasses at the plain. He looked until his eyes ached, but aside from the blowing dust there was nothing.

THE men who served the forward gun had rigged up a tarpaulin to one side and lay under it, out of the wind. Usually they slept all the afternoon, but today no one was sleeping.

Sergeant Fourier even went so far as to get up and look out across the plain.

"Anything?" Labat asked.

The Sergeant squinted anxiously. "Nothing."

"Waiting, everything is waiting," Labat said. He was a long, ugly man with a big nose and large ears. He was from Paris and excitable and given to throwing his arms around in rage and was a great patriot of the French Republic. "In a war you wait for everything! Even the Americans! At last, I thought, things will finally move. The Americans are famous for their briskness. . . . We're still waiting. . . ."

"Only a day," said Boullard. Boullard was a big, quiet man, over forty, with a wrinkled, brown, farmer's face. "They'll be here soon enough."

"I can't wait," Labat said. He stood up and peered out. "For a year I sat in the Maginot Line. Now for two years I sit here. I am finally impatient. A day is too much."

"Shut up," Boullard said calmly. "You'll get us all nervous."

Labat lay down and put his hands behind his head and looked up at the tarpaulin angrily. Sergeant Fourier came back and sat down.

"More of the same," Sergeant Fourier said. "More nothing."

"It must be worse for the Americans," Corporal Millet said. He was a man who, although he was nearly thirty-five, was still plagued by pimples. His face had raging red blots on it all the time and he suffered meanly under his affliction, taking his misfortune out on the work details in his charge. "It must be unbearable for the Americans."

"Why?" Labat asked angrily. "What's wrong with the Americans?"

"They are not a military people," Corporal Millet said. He had a lawyer's voice, smooth and reasonable and superior, and on bad days it made men want to kill Corporal Millet. "They are used to sitting back and pushing buttons."

"Corporal," Labat said calmly, "you are perhaps the biggest idiot in the French Army of 1942."

"The jokes," Corporal Millet said. "We can do without the jokes. It is a fact that war is harder on some races than on others. The Americans must be suffering the tortures of the damned."

"I repeat," Labat said. "The biggest."

Corporal Millet was a devotee of Vichy and Labat enjoyed making him angry.

"Push buttons," Boullard said reflectively. "I could use a few push buttons at the moment."

"See." Corporal Millet gestured to Boullard. "Boullard agrees."

"See," Boullard said. "Boullard does not agree."

There was silence for a moment

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while the men thought of the wind and the ugliness of the men around them and the possibility of dying tomorrow.

"This war," the Sergeant said. "This disease of a war."

"Somebody talk about a woman," Private Jouvet said. "I'm tired of the war. I am in the mood for breasts and hips." Private Jouvet was twenty years old and made a desperate effort to keep on an equal footing with these formidable veterans of bed and battle.

"It can't be," Labat said, "that the Americans will appear and we will be asked to shoot at them. It's impossible."

"In the French Army," Boullard said, "nothing is impossible."

"Why not?" Corporal Millet asked in his bland voice. "An invasion of French soil—"

"I am very tired of those two words," Boullard said. "French soil."

"Oh dear, Mrs. Withington, I want to be patriotic all right, but do we <u>have</u> to be bombed tonight?"

• •

Labat opened his canteen and took a mouthful. He closed the canteen over the precious water and then thought that perhaps he would be shot by morning and said, "Hell," and opened the canteen and took another mouthful.

"The problem is," Private Jouvet said, "are the Americans to be regarded as friends, enemies, or tourists?"

"What a war." Sergeant Fourier sighed. He had married, just three months before, a masseuse with a good clientele in Algiers, and he was by and large as comfortable as a sergeant could hope to be in this foul year. "What a disease of a war."

"Lafayette," Boullard said, "we are here."

"We will be given our orders," Corporal Millet said loudly.

"That's what we're afraid of," said Labat.

"After all," said Corporal Millet, tenderly touching his current most blazing pimple, "we are soldiers. We have officers. They have their instructions."

"Please, Colonel," said Labat. "Quiet. Such official sentiments have a tendency to make me throw up."

"The Americans." Sergeant Fourier sighed again. "Things were going as well as could be expected. This wasn't good, but a man could bear it. They are crazy with anxiety to make a landing someplace. They have all Europe to make a landing on. No! They must choose Africa! We will all be dead."

"Be more cheerful," Boullard said, "or kindly keep quiet."

The men sat silently for a moment, everyone heavy and gloomy because the word death had finally been mentioned.

"It will be a ridiculous thing," Labat said, "to be killed by an American." Labat had fought at Sedan and had made his way bitterly down the length of France, cursing the politicians, cursing the officers, cursing the Germans and English and Italians and Americans. At last he had stowed away aboard a freighter to Algiers and without losing a day had joined up all over again and had since then sat, full of pent-up vengeance, in the gloom of Africa, waiting to fight the Germans once more.

"I refuse," Labat said, "I refuse to be killed by an American."

"You will be told what your orders are," Corporal Millet said, "and you will follow them."

Labat stared morosely and dangerously at Corporal Millet. His face, which was ugly but usually pleasant enough, now was harsh and his eyes were squinted balefully. "Corporal," he said, "Corporal of the pimples, do you know what our orders are?"

"No."

"Does anybody know?" Labat looked around, his face still flushed and glowering, angry at Corporal Millet and the government of France and his position in the world that afternoon.

Sergeant Fourier cleared his throat professionally. "The Lieutenant. He must know. The Captain's gone. . . ."

"What a wonderful thing," Boullard said, "to be a captain. . . ."

"Let us ask the Lieutenant," Labat said.

"Sergeant Fourier, we make you a committee of one."

Sergeant Fourier looked around him uneasily, pulling in his round little belly nervously, uncomfortable at the thought of any action that would make him con-

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spicuous, endanger his pleasant anonymous future with the masseuse in Algiers. "Why me?" he asked.

"Highest noncommissioned officer present," Labat chanted. "Channels of communication with the commissioned personnel."

"I haven't said two words to him," Sergeant Fourier protested. "After all, he just got here five days ago. And he's reserved. All he's said to me in five days is 'Make sure the men do not smoke in the open at night.' "

"Enough," Labat said cheerfully. "It's obvious he likes you."

"Don't joke," Boullard said sharply. "We have no more time to joke."

"I'm only joking," Labat said soberly, "because I am willing to slit my throat."

He got up and went to the edge of the tarpaulin and stood there, his back to the men, watching across the enigmatic plain for the first fateful dust cloud.

"What sort of man is this Lieutenant Dumestre?" Boullard asked.

"It's hard to tell," Sergeant Fourier said with the caution born of three years in an army where a hasty approval of a man, before all the facts of courage, sense, and rectitude were in, might one day cause your death. "He's very quiet. Stiff—"

"A bad sign," said Boullard.

"Very rich in the uniform department."

"Another bad sign."

"It doesn't pay to be too hurried," Sergeant Fourier protested.

"It's the Americans," Boullard said. "They're in a hurry, not me. Well, there's only one thing to be done." He rubbed his cheek absently with the back of his hand, like a man determining whether or not he needs a shave. The other men watched him silently, anxious and curious about a definite plan that might have finally bloomed on this last, nervous afternoon. "One thing," Boullard repeated. "We kill him."

LIEUTENANT DUMESTRE stood in the observation post and felt the headache coming on like an express train. Every afternoon the boredom and misery of the day accumulated in his brainpan and punished him for still living. He stared painfully over the darkening plain, which was silently enveloping itself in blue and purple folds, intangible and deceptive, in which the shapes of men and machines might be capriciously and dangerously lost. . . .

Lieutenant Dumestre shook his head and closed his eyes, measuring gloomily the exact extent of the pain in his skull.

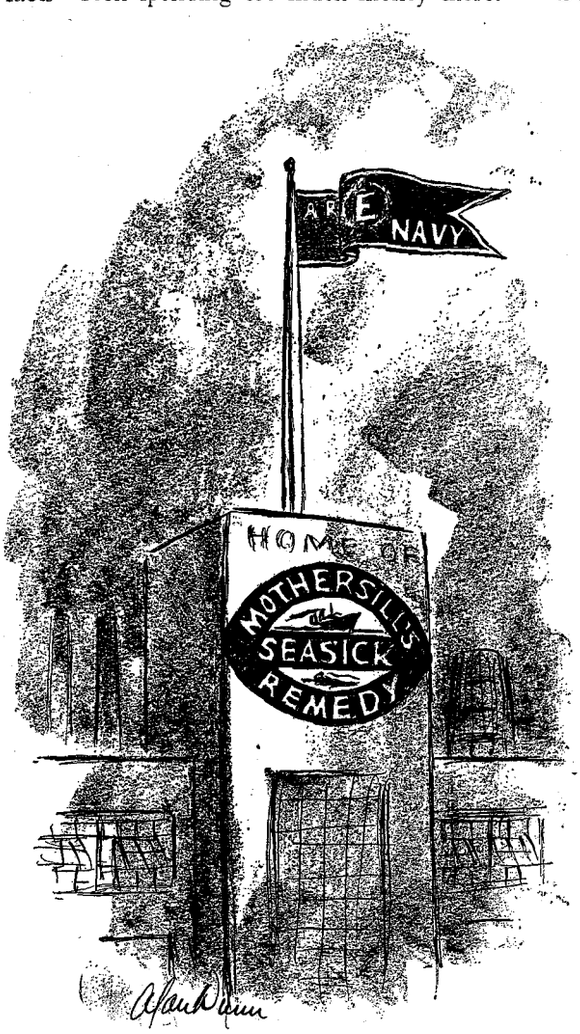
How do you do it? he asked himself. How does a lieutenant hand a battery over to an advancing army, without orders? How does a lieutenant save his life in a situation like this? In the distance there is a puff of dust and soon the first shell dropping somewhere near you and all around you doubtful and uncertain men whom you do not know but who, for the lack of a better word, are under your command. Why had he left his post in Algiers? In this one, crazy, fateful week, his transfer had to be granted, this transfer to dilemma, this transfer to death. . . . In the days of Napoleon it was said that every French private had a marshal's baton in his knapsack. Today every French soldier had in his knapsack a fatal and insoluble conundrum.

Lieutenant Dumestre had asked to be transferred from Algiers because he had been spending too much money there. It was as simple as that. The bills came in, the monthly reckonings were made, the deductions for the money sent home to his mother and father, who were lean and ailing in Paris, and it became clear that on a lieutenant's salary you could not save money in a gay town, especially if you had been rich all your life and your family rich before you and certain habits of eating and drinking and generosity ingrained in you, war or no war. . . .

So, it was too expensive, Algiers. So, the desert would prove to be even more expensive.

Back in Algiers, he knew, the men of his battery had mimicked him behind his back—his slow, painful way of delivering orders, full of agonized pauses, as he tried to remember to keep his voice down, tried not to sound like a young idiot imposing callously on these veterans of a war that had passed him by. . . . They had mimicked him, but he knew them and even felt they liked him, and if he were with them now in this tragedy of a situation, he would be able to go to them, talk to them, draw strength and resolution, one way or another, from the men who would have to bear the burden of living and dying with him.

But here he was, on the one important day of the last two years, with a group of sullen and bearded strangers, who regarded him only with steady and cool hostility, a newcomer and an officer in an army where newcomers were automatically suspect and officers automatically hated. . . .



Lieutenant Dumestre walked slowly out toward the west across the dusty scrub. The sun had set and the wind had died and the walking, he felt, might help somehow. Perhaps, he thought, smiling a little to himself, there will be an American patrol and I am unavoidably captured and there's an end to the problem. . . . It's like a child, he thought, hoping that by morning he will have a sore throat so he does not have to go to school and take his examination in arithmetic. What an arithmetic was being imposed upon him now! What a savage and pitiless calculation! He looked toward the last blur of the horizon, beyond which the Americans were marching. How simple it was to be an American! In their arithmetic there was an answer to all problems. How merry and dashing a lieutenant in the artillery in the American army must feel to-

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"Suppose you do fall down. That's how you meet people."

• •

night, marching beside men whom he could trust, who trusted him, who all believed the same thing, who knew an enemy when they saw one, whose parents were well fed and healthy, in no one's power, three thousand sweet miles from all battlefields. . . .

What a tragic thing to be a Frenchman this year! Hamlet, sword out, killing Polonius and uncle in blind, unprofitable lunges. . . . Frenchmen, Hamlets of the world. . . .

Lieutenant Dumestre stopped and sat down, like a little boy, on the dark earth and put his head in his hands and wept. He stopped suddenly and bit his lips and neglected to dry the tears from his cheeks. Nonsense, he thought, a grown man . . . There must be an answer to this, too. After all, I am not the only Frenchman afloat on this continent. The thing is, the men. If I knew what they wanted. If there was only some way to be present, without being seen. Armies have surrendered before. Detachments have surrendered before. Officers have appeared under a flag of truce and offered their services to their official enemies. The Captain was in Algiers, there was no one to stop him. "Dear sir, is there anyone here who speaks French? . . . Dear sir, Lieutenant Dumestre, Battery C, wishes to state that he desires to join forces with the American army in North Africa and put himself under the flag of the United States for the duration against the common enemy. . . ." There must be a technique to surrender, just the way there is a technique for everything else in the army. His mother and father would have to look out for themselves. Now, if only the men . . .

Lieutenant Dumestre slapped his thigh briskly as he stood up. At last he had reached a decision. He had faced the arithmetic and at least he knew what answer he wanted. There only remained going in frankly to the men and putting the situation up to them, in words of one syllable, simply. He started back toward the forward gun, walking more swiftly than he had walked for a week.

"Men," he would say, remembering to keep his voice pitched low, "this is the way it is. You may or may not know it, but tomorrow an American army will appear." You never knew how much the men knew, what rumors had reached them, what facts confirmed, what punishments and discharges and prophecies and movements peddled at the latrine or over a morning cigarette. "I am under orders to resist," he would say. "Personally, I do not believe we are bound by those orders, as I believe all Frenchmen to be on the side for which the Americans are now fighting." Perhaps that was too heroic, but it was impossible to fight a war without sounding from time to time a little heroic. "I intend to go out under a flag of truce and give over the guns of this battery." Now the question of dissenters. "Anyone who does not wish to join me in this action is free to leave toward the rear. . . ." No, they'd go back and talk, and by morning

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a troop of cavalry would come up and Lieutenant Dumestre would be finished in thirty minutes. . . . Keep them with him? How do that? Supposing they were all Vichy men? After all, they were being paid by Vichy and there were thousands of Frenchmen in Africa who had staked their lives on a German victory. They'd shoot him in cold blood.

Once more he cursed the trick that had landed him at this moment among two hundred strangers. In his old company he would have been able to take Sergeant Goubille aside and talk honestly and get an honest answer. Sergeant Goubille was forty-five years old and there was something fatherly and tolerant of young officers in his bearing and a man like that would be worth a man's life on this harsh and doubtful plain tonight. Well, there was no Sergeant Goubille at hand. . . . Perhaps that Breton, that farmer, Boullard. He was an older man and he looked honest and pleasant.

He took a deep breath and walked swiftly, not knowing exactly what he would do but knowing he had to do something, toward the forward gun. . . .

UNDER the tarpaulin, Boullard was talking, his voice low and harsh, all the kindly old countryman's lines somehow vanished from the set, desperate face. "There will be a token resistance," he was saying to the men, who were all sitting up, looking at the ground most of the time, looking only occasionally at Boullard with a kind of deep embarrassment. "In a token resistance there are token deaths." He looked around him calmly from face to face, his thought plain in his eye. "A token corpse feeds as many worms as any other. . . ."

Jouvet, the young one, was the only one who could not manage to sit still. He rubbed his heels back and forth, making marks on the ground and studying them intently.

"Kill the pretty Lieutenant," Boullard said, "and we have our own lives in our own hands. We dispose of them as we see fit."

"Let us look at it from the political angle," Labat said. "Politically, we are fried if the Germans win—"

"Perhaps," Sergeant Fourier said uneasily, his voice full of the nagging pain of having to make a decision. "Perhaps we ought to wait and see what happens."

"We will wait and see ourselves buried," Boullard said.

"At least," said Labat, "we ought to talk to the Lieutenant. Sound him out."

"I was on the Meuse," said Boullard. "I know better than to talk to a lieutenant. I'll take the responsibility. If you're all afraid. . . ." He looked around him with savage peasant contempt. "There're a lot of men still to be killed in this war. I don't mind making it one more or less personally. . . ."

"We have to talk to him first," Labat said stubbornly.

"Why?" Boullard asked loudly.

"Maybe he's with us. Maybe he wants to fight with the Americans, too. . . ."

Boullard laughed harshly. Then he spat. "I'm surrounded by children," he said. "If he's still an officer in the French Army after two years, he is not fond of the Americans. I am. At this moment I am crazy about Americans. If there is any hope for anybody in this stinking year, it is in the Americans. I'm forty-four years old and I've fought in two wars. The third one, I want to pick my own side."

"Still," Labat said, his voice low and persistent, "still, we ought to talk to him."

"For myself," Corporal Millet said briskly, standing up, "I am on duty at the observa—"

He let his hands fall gently to his sides as Boullard brought his rifle up and touched his chest lightly with the bayonet.

"You are on duty here, Corporal." Boullard moved the bayonet tenderly on a breast button. "There is a question before the house that must be decided by a full membership."

Corporal Millet sat down carefully.

"I don't care," Labat was

"Will it disturb you ladies if we just sit here and talk?"

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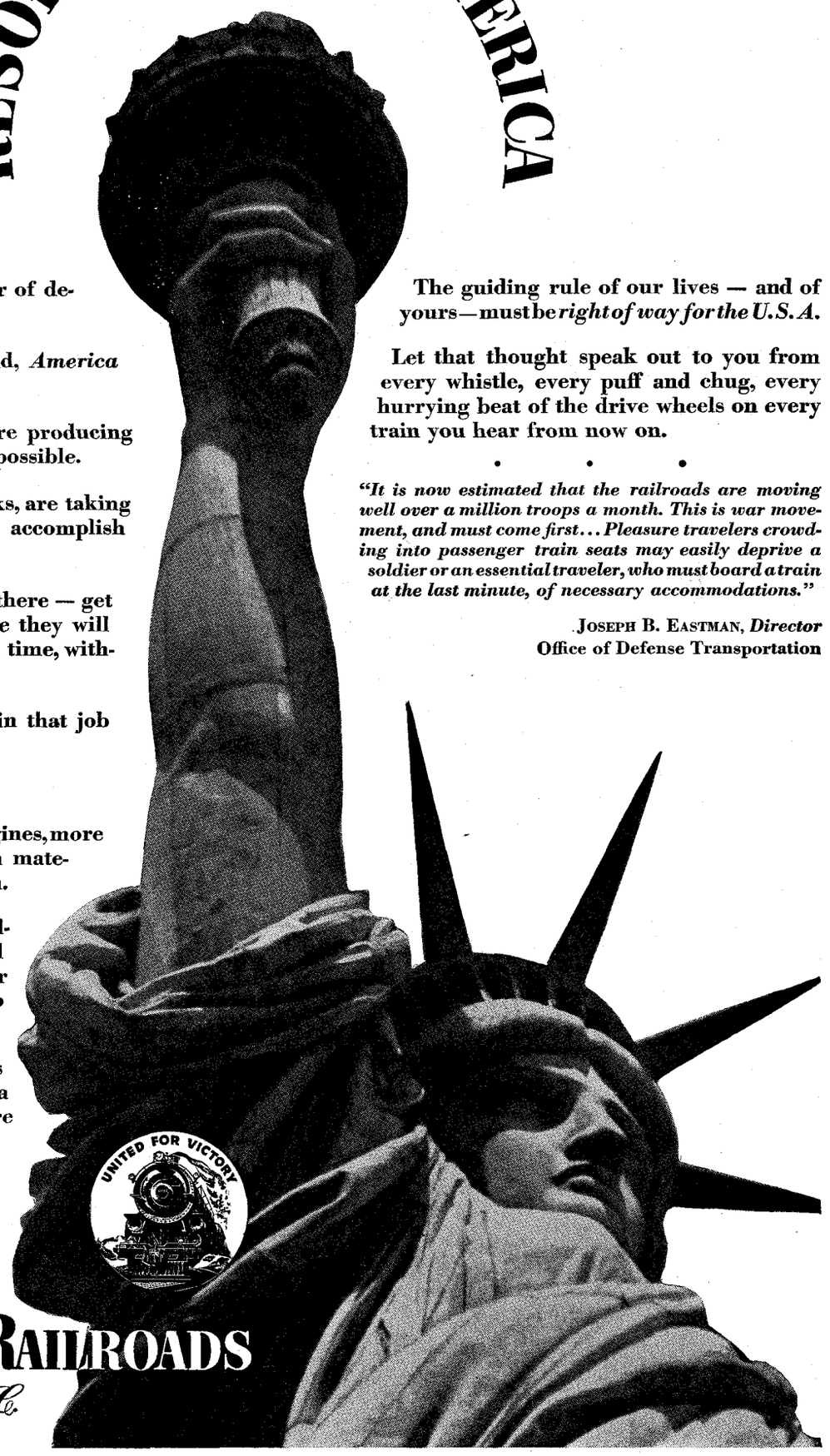
RESOLUTION FOR AMERICA



This year must be the year of decision.

This year, all over the world, *America fights.*

Our factories and farms are producing the materials to make that possible.

Our ships, planes, guns, tanks, are taking swift shape in numbers to accomplish conclusive results.

These things must now get there — get where they're needed, where they will be felt—get there swiftly, on time, without fail or falter.

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They accept it.

They could do with more engines, more cars, more everything when materials can be spared for them.

Until then and after, railroads and railroad men will continue to work as they never worked before to get the job done.

If, now and then, that means inconveniences to you as a traveler, we are sorry. We are trying to avoid that, too.

But guns and the men who use them must come first.

The guiding rule of our lives — and of yours—must be *right of way for the U.S.A.*

Let that thought speak out to you from every whistle, every puff and chug, every hurrying beat of the drive wheels on every train you hear from now on.

• • •

"It is now estimated that the railroads are moving well over a million troops a month. This is war movement, and must come first... Pleasure travelers crowding into passenger train seats may easily deprive a soldier or an essential traveler, who must board a train at the last minute, of necessary accommodations."

JOSEPH B. EASTMAN, *Director*
Office of Defense Transportation

Association of
AMERICAN RAILROADS
Washington D.C.

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saying, grinning at Corporal Millet, "what you do to the fighting Corporal, but nothing happens to the Lieutenant until we talk to him." He patted Boullard's shoulder, in a small reassuring gesture. Boullard slowly took his eyes off Millet and the Corporal sighed.

Boullard looked around him searchingly at the men caught in this hour with him. Sergeant Fourier, haunted by dreams of a pension and his masseuse and still troubled by some obscure painful sense of patriotism and honor, refused to look at him. Jouvet, faced at the age of twenty with the ancient, tangled threads of a bloody and complex century, looked ready to weep. Labat was smiling but stubborn. Corporal Millet was sweating and was making a great effort to look like a man who did not intend to rush to the nearest officer and announce a mutiny.

"All right," Boullard said wearily, "if that's what you want. Although I tell you, two words too many and we are all against a wall, looking at a firing squad."

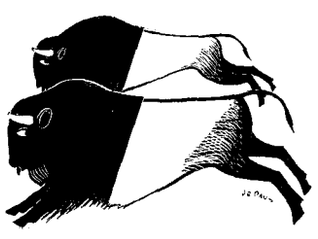
Jouvet fumbled with his handkerchief quickly and Boullard looked at him curiously and impersonally.

"It is not necessary to commit ourselves," said Labat. His long, workman's arms waved in argument. "We approach the subject, we skirt it, we take soundings like a boat coming into a harbor . . ."

"Better!" Sergeant Fourier said loudly, happy at all deferment. "Excellent! Much better!"

Boullard stared at him coldly and Sergeant Fourier became quiet and nervously took out a pack of cigarettes.

"It's possible," Labat said, trying to convince Boullard, "to judge a man without a direct question. . . ."



"Possibly," Boullard said with no enthusiasm. "Possibly."

"I'll do the talking," Labat said. "I'm used to things like this. I have talked at union meetings for seven years and nothing could be more delicate. . . ." He looked around him anxiously, hoping for a little laughter to take some of the deadly tension away, but only little Jouvet, who was always polite, smiled nervously, because he realized Labat had meant it as a little joke.

"All right," Boullard said. He fingered his rifle gently and let it dip almost imperceptibly toward Corporal Millet. "I will judge. And you"—the rifle dipped very clearly toward Corporal Millet—"you will not open your mouth. Is that clear?"

Corporal Millet sat up stiffly at attention, feeling sorrowfully within him that his honor demanded some show of resistance and that his life would not be worth a great deal if he was incorporated in the army of the United States. He looked at Boullard's huge, crushing hands, calm on the rifle. "It is your affair," he said faintly. "I wash my hands of it."

Boullard laughed.

Sergeant Fourier lighted his cigarette, gift of his plump wife the masseuse, now undoubtedly eating her dinner comfortably in the curtainy little apartment in Algiers with three exposures. He sighed and stood up and walked between Boullard and the limp Corporal Millet and stood at the edge of the tarpaulin in the full darkness, pulling with small comfort at his cigarette, while behind him under the tarpaulin there was no sound from the waiting men.

LIEUTENANT DUMESTRE made his way slowly across the rough black ground toward the gun position, turning over in his mind his possible opening sentences to the gun crew. . . . "Men," he could say, "I am going to be absolutely honest with you. I am putting a white flag up beside this gun and I am delivering this battery over to . . ." Or he could say, "There is a possibility that tomorrow morning American troops will appear. Hold your fire until I give the word . . ." while silently swearing to himself that the word would never be given. There was much to be said for this method, as it was indefinite and seemed less dangerous and didn't tip his hand until the last moment, when it would probably be too late for anyone to do anything about it. Of course there was always the possibility that he could stand up in front of the men and pour his heart out to them, remind them in ringing words of their country's shame, call upon them with blood and passion to forget themselves, forget their families in France, remember only honor and final victory. . . . He could see himself, pale and fluent, in the dim light of the moon, roaring, whispering, his voice singing in the quiet night air, the men listening entranced, the tears starting down their cheeks. . . . He shook himself, smiled wryly at the dream, remembering his high, slow way of speaking, plain, indefinite, without the power to move men to the nearest café, much less make them throw themselves grandly and thoughtlessly upon a doubtful and possibly fatal cause. . . .

Oh, Lord, he thought, I am the wrong man for this, the wrong man, the wrong man. . . .

He turned the corner of the tarpaulin, seeing the watchful, hateful shape of the gun outlined stubbornly against the starlit sky.

Sergeant Fourier was smoking pensively in the open and the other men were sitting, strangely quiet, under cover. When Sergeant Fourier saw him, he started guiltily and threw his cigarette away as unostentatiously as possible. He stood at attention and saluted and with his right heel tried to douse the glowing speck in the dirt. Somehow the sight of the small man with the comfortable little potbelly, trying to pretend, like a vaudeville comedian, that he hadn't been smoking, irritated Lieutenant Dumestre, who all morning and all afternoon had been grappling bitterly with war and fratricide and tragic, bloody policy. . . .

He returned the Sergeant's salute curtly. "What's wrong with you?" he asked sharply, his high voice making all the men under the tarpaulin turn their heads coldly and automatically to watch him. "You know there's to be no smoking."

"Please, sir," Sergeant Fourier said stupidly, "I was not smoking."

"You were smoking," Lieutenant Dumestre said, weeping inside because inside he knew how ridiculous this charge and countercharge were.

"I was not smoking, sir." Sergeant Fourier stood very straight and formal and stupid, with the problem of the evening, almost happy to have a simple little idiotic argument to worry about, at least for ten minutes. . . .

"You've been told, you've been told!" Lieutenant Dumestre shrieked in his highest voice, mourning deep within himself over that womanly timbre, over his military insistence upon form and truth at this unmilitary hour, but somehow, unable, with the Captain's departure and the imminence, potent and desperate, of the Americans over the horizon, to stop the high noise of his tongue. "At any moment we may be bombed. A cigarette glows like a lighthouse at ten thousand feet! Why don't you draw a map of the gun position and publish it in the morning newspapers?" He saw Labat look at Boullard and shrug coldly and turn away with an air of dangerous significance, and something within him clutched at his throat, but now there was no stopping that high, silly tongue, freed for a mo-

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ment from the locked agony and doubt of the day's decision-making. Here at least was familiar ground. Troops disobeying orders. Troops endangering security of the post or station. Troops slightly insubordinate, lying. . . . His weary, ragged mind, terribly grateful to be relieved of its unaccustomed task of painful exploration, relapsed into the formal, years-long grooves of St.-Cyr, of countless garrisons, countless lectures. . . . "There will be double security tonight, two hour watches for everyone," the voice still high, but with the three-thousand-year-old bite of military command. "An extra half-day's ammunition will be drawn up from the battery dump by three this morning." He saw the men's faces bleakly collapse and also something else in them, although he couldn't tell in the rush of his commands what it was. Even as he spoke, he hated himself for what he was doing, knowing that a better man would have ignored the cigarette or joked about it. . . . He hated Sergeant Fourier, standing there, pained and stupid and impassive, but in a way he was grateful to him, because he had given him the opportunity at this late hour once more for postponement.

He turned on his heel and strode away. Later, perhaps at midnight, he would come back, he told himself, and finally get this question of the Americans settled. . . . He pulled his shoulders high in disgust as the sound of his own voice squalling about the cigarette sounded in his ears, but there was nothing to be done about it, and he walked without looking back. Midnight, he thought, midnight is still time. . . .

Back under the tarpaulin, Boullard looked around him at the men. Their faces were grave, but except for Millet there was consent in all of them.

Boullard walked out from under the tarpaulin with his rifle.

Midnight, Lieutenant Dumestre was thinking when the bullet struck, midnight is still time. . . .

They buried him quickly, without marking the grave, and sat down in front of the gun to wait for the army of the Americans. —IRWIN SHAW

•

"The Magnificent Ambersons," Mercury, R.K.O. Radio, January, 1942.
Orson Welles, Executive Producer
Orson Welles, Producer
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Adapted from novel by Booth Tarkington
Screenplay by Orson Welles.
—*Academy Credit Book.*

Who's this guy Tarkington?

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Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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THE THEATRE

GOLD-DIGGERS AND MUSCOVITES

"The Doughgirls," at the Lyceum, is, I'm sure, a reasonably competent farce, and why it didn't amuse me more than it did is hard to explain. For one thing, perhaps, the quality of its invention may be a little strained. Among the characters thought up by Joseph Fields are three beautiful young women, who appear to be living in sin only as a temporary or patriotic expedient; a female sharpshooter from Russia; a lady called The Judge, who turns out to have won this title in a pie-baking contest; a couple of lecherous old naval and military types; and a moderately humorous assortment of bellboys, chambermaids, sailors, marines, politicians, Russian priests, and representatives of the F.B.I. From time to time I couldn't help feeling that Mr. Fields' efforts to maneuver all these people into funny situations were just slightly touched with desperation, and also that his faith in a funny situation, once achieved, was a bit excessive, since he often dragged it out until even the ushers had stopped laughing.

You don't really need to know much about the plot, or plots, that keeps a large company of actors batting around the stage at the Lyceum. The action takes place in a Washington hotel room, which, of course, everybody wants to rent. The political and military aspects of life in the capital are handled in a way that ought to be very comforting to critics of the administration, since practically every member of the cast seems to be corrupt or feeble-minded or both. The girls have quite a time, not only with their lovers but also with bill collectors, indignant wives, enterprising old men, and all the other embarrassments to be expected in their position. In the end, everything is more or less satisfactorily straightened out, though I seem to have forgotten a good many of the details.

The cast is rather dominated by the ladies, especially Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. George S. Kaufman, who directed, keeps them all bustling around with the offhand mastery of an old traffic cop.

In contrast with American and British war plays, which are usually tidy, sentimental, and equipped with clever, prefabricated plots, "The Russian People," by Konstantin Simonov, is a sprawling, shapeless piece of work, obviously written with a combination of burning hatred and fierce determination. Unfortunately, it doesn't seem to be a very satisfactory job for the theatre. Mr. Simonov's central character is really the heroism of all his people, and, as often happens in dealing with such a generalized conception, the actual characters and events on the stage are blurred and diminished. Important parts are hastily, inadequately drawn; vital scenes are sketched in and abandoned before they can be properly developed. Mr. Simonov is working on an enormous canvas and he has a magnificent theme, but the picture itself is unfocussed, amateurish, a too-violent arrangement in primary colors.

There are hints here and there of what "The Russian People" might have been—a soldier setting out on a suicidal mission behind the German lines, an old woman facing her husband's cowardice and her own execution with bitter courage, a survivor of the Czarist regime dying for the new Russia—but most of the time Mr. Simonov is dealing less with living men and women than with a set of pamphlets, conveniently animated for the occasion. It is too bad.

Luther Adler, Eleonora Mendelssohn, Victor Varconi, and one or two others are able to suggest something of the indomitable spirit that held Moscow and Stalingrad, but most of the rest, I'm afraid, just look remarkably like actors, and not very happy ones at that. It is difficult to say anything about Clifford Odets' American version, since I have no idea what he had to work with in the first place, and I guess the same thing applies to Harold Clurman's direction.

If it had ever occurred to you to wonder what effect marijuana might have on the membership of a suburban ladies' club, you might have found the answer in "Sweet Charity," at the Mansfield. According to Irving Brecher and Manuel Seff, the authors, it causes them to crawl around on their hands and knees, put on funny hats, and behave generally like drunks in a comic strip. Except for this gruesome scene, there was little in "Sweet Charity" to arrest your attention. The plot was interminable and extraordinarily foolish—something to do with the girls' efforts to raise money to hire an orchestra—and the actors were so baffled by its lunatic complications that sometimes I hoped they were just going to give the whole thing up and go home. What led such accomplished performers as Viola Roache, Enid Markey, and Philip Loeb to lend their talents to this incomprehensible enterprise, I have no idea.

"You'll See Stars," at the Maxine Elliott, was an exhibit of such infantile vulgarity that any listing of those who took part in it can only be classed as cruelty to children. Advertised as "a musical-comedy biography of Gus Edwards," "You'll See Stars" was meant to show how such people as George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, Ray Bolger, Walter Winchell, and the Marx Brothers got where they are now. How they did it without being shot was not explained. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

Patricia, whose father is a newspaper man, lived for a while in Honolulu, where she learned to swim like a native and acquired the rhythmic walk and posture that she has. She studies classic dancing, is 5 feet 3, has black hair and brown eyes. She's stoical and as calm as when she carried her books to school. Her earliest memory is setting fire to her home and nearly burning up the family.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Give us a calm girl any day.

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The Savoy-Plaza presents

LARRY ADLER

Harmonica Virtuoso

After the theatre in the CAFE LOUNGE AND SNACK BAR

ROY ROSS and his Orchestra

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American Theatre Wing

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in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

OF ALL THINGS

HITLER'S New Year message was a bit gloomy, but Göring had a word of cheer for the *Herrenvolk*. Happy Hermann assured the people that the war would be over in twenty years.

•

The Nazis seem to be having as tough a time in Russia as they had last winter. The weather is almost as severe and the Red Army is even more so.

•

A recently published photograph shows that the Führer's face is not holding up well. He looks like a man who needs rest, refreshment, and a change of intuition.

•

Tojo warns his fellow-countrymen that the real war has just begun. He doubtless regards everything that has happened so far as merely an incident.

•

It can now be revealed that the Axis plan for a great pincers movement on the Middle East failed for two simple reasons. Neither prong ever got to the meeting.

•

Fuel-oil coupons have been cut ten per cent in value for the Eastern states, but our women will bear up bravely. They know all about the January bargains in fur coats.

•

It is a gratifying fact that the announcement of the food-rationing program did not result in widespread hoarding. Most customers were too patriotic and most grocers were too stingy.

•

If Mr. Wickard's plans work out, we shall all have enough food to keep us fit. Everybody will be strong, healthy, and slender enough to squeeze through tight places.

•

Income-tax blanks are being mailed more promptly than usual. Mr. Morgenthau wants to give all taxpayers time to recover from the shock.

•

Farm prices are now at the highest level in twenty-two years. Farm-bloc congressmen may have to think up something new to do with their time.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Proudly, the 248 year-old house of *de Kuyper* presents

DELECTA

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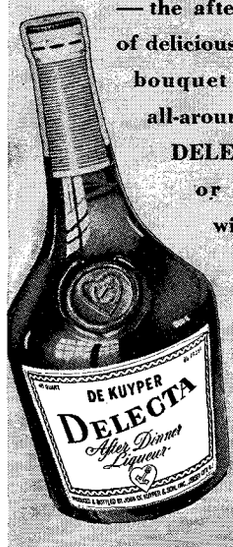
ANNO 1695

From a highly treasured formula and two-and-a-half centuries of experience in making fine cordials, deKuyper creates for you DELECTA — the after-dinner liqueur of delicious taste, delightful bouquet and delectable all-around goodness. Try DELECTA — by itself or half-and-half with brandy.



There are twelve delicious varieties of deKuyper Cordials. Ask your dealer.

86 Proof

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A REPORTER AT SEA

CABIN UNRESERVED

WITH the possible exceptions of packs of playing cards and drinking water, deck space, I've concluded after some limited experience, is the most sought-after and fought-over commodity on a crowded Army transport. The nearest prewar equivalent of a soldier's trying to find a place to sleep on a ship was a civilian's trying to find a parking space for his car in the East Fifties at lunchtime. But what was merely annoying in the East Fifties is tragic on the ocean, for the soldier who fails to stake his claim to a chunk of deck before sunset has to spend the night either leaning against the rail or huddled in the stuffy darkness of an E-deck bunkroom on a canvas berth already occupied by his barracks bag, field pack, gas mask, rifle, and helmet. You can't blame the management for wanting to use every inch of space on a transport, because transports are precious, but it's a lot easier to be philosophical when you're ashore than when you are aboard a transport, as I recently was.

For the first few days at sea it was every man for himself in the race for space, and in the daily scramble that came after evening chow my pals and I did what I think was a fair imitation of the land-grant stampede in "Cimarron." In time the smart boys got organized, and it wasn't long before syndicates were grabbing the choicest square-footage as soon as the decks had been hosed in the morning, covering it with their blankets, and posting shifts there until it was time to bed down for the night. Holding this space, of course, involved prolonged occupation of the premises, and unless you had plenty of books close at hand or enough funds to sit in on a continuous poker session, it wasn't long before you began to feel like a colt on a short tether. My own unit was handicapped by the fact that we had an assembly in the mess hall every day just about the time the syndicates were dividing up the decks, so we had to scrounge around for left-over space between evening chow and the blackout. Sleeping belowdecks was practically impossible for us. Our bunks were deep in the ship's guts, in a room that in happier days must have been a tourist-class lounge; it was still decorated with imitation Watteau panels, over which had been stencilled, in businesslike whitewash, "BLOCK 6—250 TROOPS." Since all portholes had been sealed because of the blackout, ventilation was a problem. Our only hope was to move fast after the evening meal. No sooner had we given our mess kits a perfunctory wipe than we were out in the twilight, looking for twelve square feet of empty deck apiece. Delay was fatal. One day when I lingered over a cigarette I had to curl up with my left side in the scuppers and my right side in a narrow aisle left open for nocturnal traffic. About an hour later I was awakened when the ankle of an officer collided with the sole of my G.I. boot. "Damn it!" he exclaimed. "Ouch," I replied sulkily, for I had been sleeping soundly. "What are you doing there?" he snapped, rubbing his ankle. I told him I'd been sleeping. I must have looked a pretty wretched creature, lying in the scuppers, because he merely growled and limped away into the murk.

My own unit eventually discovered that the most sensible thing to do was to wait placidly until it was dark and then sneak up to the boat deck, which, being out of bounds for enlisted men, was gloriously uncongested. This tactic entailed getting by the M.P.'s posted at the stairways, but that could easily be managed by putting on fatigue clothes and a helmet, which led the guards to assume you were a member of one of the gun crews reporting to his post. Once you were past this hurdle, your only problems were to take care not to disturb cozy twosomes of nurses and officers and to inform the gunners that you were not a gunner. If you neglected to do the second, you ran the risk of being awakened every so often throughout the night and told to go on duty. If you could get away with it, sleeping up top was well worth the effort. The stars seemed brighter and the wind was cleaner, and when the dawn woke you, there was less chance of having somebody's feet on your neck and somebody else's head on your chest.

WE soon learned the importance of getting located in the sheltered spots behind winches, under stairways, and between ventilators, or—better yet—bedding down on covered decks, since rain squalls were frequent. I have seldom seen a sorrier group of human beings than the dazed occupants of B deck when they were suddenly roused from slumber one midnight by a gust of rain and stood, clutching soggy blankets, wondering what to do next, and too miserable even to complain.

The choicest location aboard our transport was a stretch of covered deck aft of, and below, the bridge. Some of the officers' staterooms had portholes opening on this deck. One night a major decided that we disturbed his rest, so he had the deck cleared by an apologetic M.P. There is a point, however, beyond which the American soldier will not be pushed. There was no mutiny; only a quiet, mass determination to sleep on that deck. In a few minutes we returned. The major must have understood, because he didn't bother us again. For the rest of the voyage that deck was, by tacit consent, our cabin, and it's my guess that the major and most of the other officers who had bona-fide but poorly ventilated cabins envied us the ocean breezes and the lofty sky.

THERE is a kind of routine about bedding down for the night on the deck of a transport, just as there is a trick to resting comfortably on a surface that doesn't give. First you spread your blanket over the day's accumulation of cigarette butts and trash. At one end you arrange your life jacket, which makes a tolerable pillow. You then remove your boots, place them within reach, and wedge your canteen between them. Then you tuck a second blanket around you, after which you may stretch out, stare at the sky, and join in the nearest singing. If you don't happen to be in voice, the best thing to do is to postpone your bedtime as long as possible by visiting a large, smoky enclosure called the troop recreation room, where orange pop is available if you are near the head of the line. Since I am the kind of guy who always used to wind up in the slow lane on the Jericho Turnpike, my evening recreation usually consisted in standing in line until it was announced that the pop supply was exhausted and then going back to my blankets. Out on the deck, songs and conversation subsided about nine, and the groups of

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soldiers still at the rail started drifting back to their blankets. By ten nearly everyone was asleep or trying to get to sleep.

There are only two positions in which it is possible to sleep on a deck—on the left side with the legs bent and the left arm slung over the right shoulder, or on the right side with the right arm over the left shoulder and the legs as in Position 1. Lying flat on the back is unsatisfactory unless you happen to be especially well upholstered, because your skeleton has a way of sticking out and getting bruised. Having assumed one of the proper positions, you are reasonably sure of a night of uninterrupted sleep, if a torpedo doesn't come your way. Uninterrupted, that is, until five-thirty the next morning, when the decks are hosed, regardless of whether anyone is lying on them or not. On our trip, at the first sound of water splashing over the deck, the sleepers leaped up, snatching their blankets from the path of the torrent, and stood, stunned and blinking in the dawn, until it was time to get in line for breakfast. At breakfast, incidentally, the "How did you sleep?" of civilian life was supplanted by the "Where did you sleep?" of transport life, and no information was more jealously guarded than the location of a new camping ground. The discovery, early in our voyage, of a deck-tennis court behind a couple of ventilators was a secret which four of us succeeded in keeping to ourselves for five wonderful nights.

THE best part of camping on deck, I think, was waking up in the middle of the night, rolling face up, lying there looking at the sky for a while, and finally getting up and walking gingerly,

"You make a welcome fifth for bridge, Mr. Walker"
JOHNNIE WALKER'S the perfect whisky for every occasion. Its flavour is delightfully different. But let your taste tell you about the smooth, distinctive flavour of this fine scotch. Isn't it time you stepped ahead with Johnnie Walker?
JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
RED LABEL 86.8 PROOF
Both 86.8 proof
BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer
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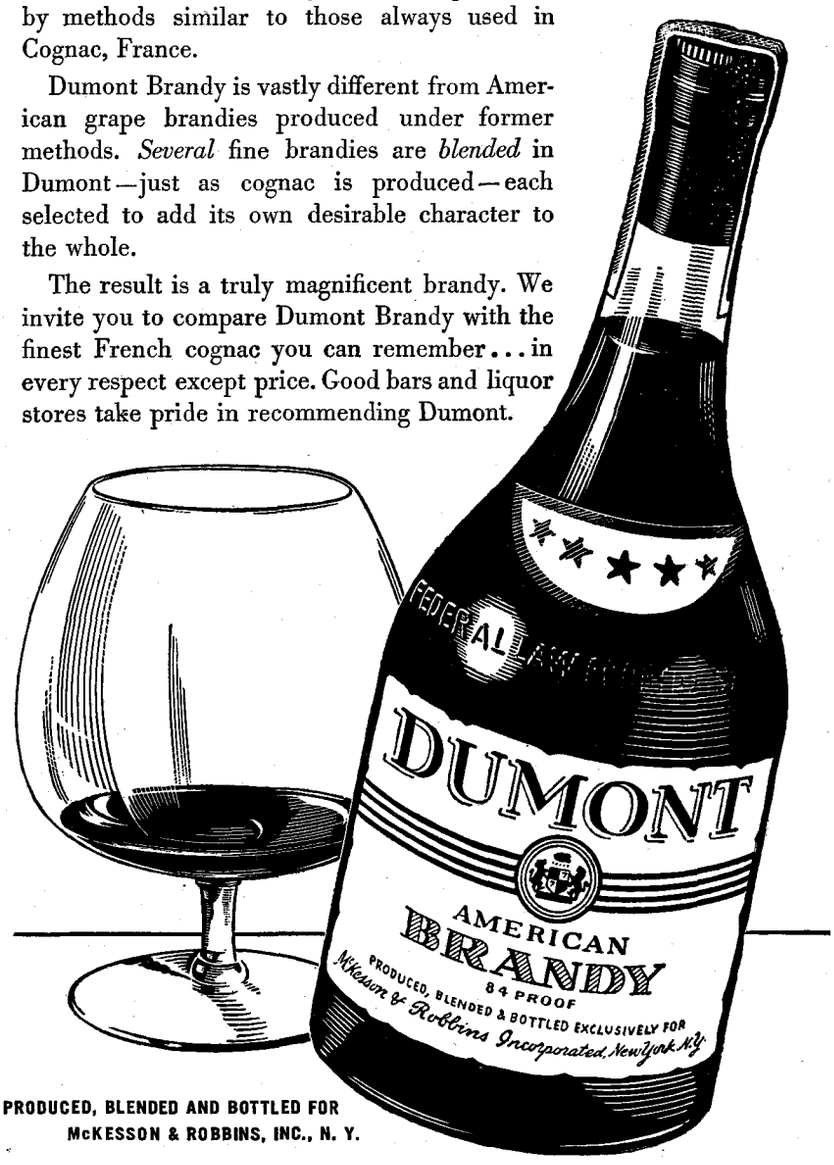
Because of an important change in blending methods, American brandy can now be produced by methods similar to those always used in Cognac, France.

Dumont Brandy is vastly different from American grape brandies produced under former methods. *Several* fine brandies are *blended* in Dumont—just as cognac is produced—each selected to add its own desirable character to the whole.

The result is a truly magnificent brandy. We invite you to compare Dumont Brandy with the finest French cognac you can remember . . . in every respect except price. Good bars and liquor stores take pride in recommending Dumont.



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so as not to step on anyone, over to the rail to watch the moonlight on the water and the phosphorus-flecked waves flashing away from the side of the ship. On such expeditions you would meet other prowlers. A couple of cigarettes go a long way toward making friends of strangers at night, and the restrictions imposed by the blackout were annoying. But at any rate we could talk. I remember one night meeting a corporal who was gazing down at the rows of sleepers sprawled on the deck below. "Look at those bums down there," he said after we had stood silent together for a minute or two. "Those guys probably have wives and homes and beds of their own back in the States, and here they are, lying all over a goddam deck and not kicking about it."

"Well, most of them were drafted to do this," I said.

"Sure, but what of it? You got to hand it to them, anyway. Know what? It makes you kind of proud of those bums," he said.

Standing at the rail, you would talk for a while about the past, the future, and the day's mileage, and maybe search the heavens for the Southern Cross, and then you would go back and grope for your blankets. Finally, you would get to sleep again, with the deck beneath you throbbing against your body as the engines churned and the big ship lurched and swerved and zigzagged toward war. —WILLIAM MACCONNELL

•

Firemen were called to Milford street at 2:10 yesterday afternoon to extinguish a slight blaze in the wiring of the automobile of Madison Mines, the florist. A short circuit was blamed. Dame was small. —*Clarksburg (W. Va.) Exponent-Telegram.*

But cute?

•

A young comic named George Lloyd did his impressions of several crazy people but he explained before starting that these were not to be considered a reflection on anybody present. Probably best was his impression of a man seating a peanut butter sandwich.—*The Post.*

Hard thing to pull off.

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Newark News*]

How should a card sent to a divorcee be addressed?

Address the envelope to (for example) Mrs. Jones Smith. Correctly a divorcee drops her ex-husband's first name, and in its place uses her maiden surname (in this case, Robinson).

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Auditor's Dream

THE latest picture to employ the crusher technique is "Star Spangled Rhythm," which has a cast of four or five hundred big names, including Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Victor Moore, Fred MacMurray, Franchot Tone, Ray Milland, Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Rochester, Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Katherine Dunham, Vera Zorina, Betty Hutton, Ernest Truex, Cecil Kellaway, and Sterling Holloway. Among those not included in the cast are Clark Gable, the Marx Brothers, Adolphe Menjou, Ida Lupino, Tyrone Power, Johnny Weissmuller, Charles Ruggles, Sabu, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall, and William Powell. As a matter of fact, there is nobody in it who doesn't work for Paramount Pictures, that being the company that made it, and one purpose of it being, apparently, to give the public a Paramount inventory. The scenery, even, consists largely of Paramount offices and grounds, and the only asset not listed is the company's bank balance.

The film has a sort of benefit air about it. Most of the players appear in short sketches which seem almost impromptu, although they probably aren't. To lay the groundwork for these sketches, there is a perfunctory plot involving the entertainment of some sailors who turn up in a port near Hollywood with a hankering to have their morales built. Then the vaudeville starts. Perhaps the people who come out best are Dick Powell and Mary Martin, who do a little singing with the Golden Gate Quartet, and Rochester and Katherine Dunham, who do a song-and-dance number together. Bob Hope is pretty good, too, in a routine of unabashed slapstick. Bing Crosby delivers a patriotic ballad at the end, and this demonstrates a certain fix that he has got himself into. Songwriters are apt to be working up patriotic ballads for him these days, and out of courtesy he is obliged to accept one now and then that isn't entirely sensible. Also in the picture are a couple of directors (members of the Paramount staff), who come right out on the screen and act, just to show that there's really nothing to it.

ALTHOUGH things get a little too cute once in a while in "A Night to Remember," a breezy thriller with Loretta Young and Brian Aherne, the idea and parts of the dialogue are fairly commendable. The story has to do with a young couple who move into an old brownstone filled with tenants of peculiar behavior. The first turtle to appear in pictures in some time is in the cast, although not listed among the credits at the beginning. Blackmail is uncovered, along with a homicide that is committed, in part, with a horseshoe. There is a good bit of screaming, slamming of doors, going out of lights, and caustic comments of detectives, all handled better than in many of these inexpensive mysteries.

"SILVER QUEEN" is a film that deals with gambling without condemning the vice and consequently may be closed before long by the municipal authorities. Eugene Pallette and Bruce Cabot appear in it as gamblers who come to bad ends, but the two main characters, played by George Brent and Priscilla Lane, are of the same calling and not only do they win all the time but they are never caught up with by retribution. There is an even worse lesson to be drawn from the fact that nearly all the poker hands which appear in the film are flushes or better. No good can come of exposing minors to the implication that a straight won't win sometimes.

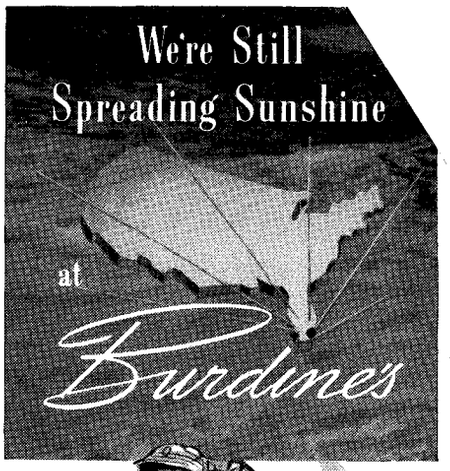
THE Fifth Avenue Playhouse is showing a bunch of musical shorts which exhibit the talents of Bruno Walter, the California Junior Symphony Orchestra, the late Ignace Jan Paderewski, and others. It is doubtful whether you can get much more out of these performances than you could from listening to them on records, particularly since much of the camera work is bad. On the other hand, it's gratifying to see Paderewski, who plays the Moonlight Sonata, frowning at the hard parts.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

Miss Mary Burgin, a graduate of Vassar College, who had been employed as a senior librarian since September, 1939, resigned in July because of her approaching marriage, an event which took place on December 7, a date long to be remembered in American history.—*1941 report of the New Haven Public Library.*

For one reason or another.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

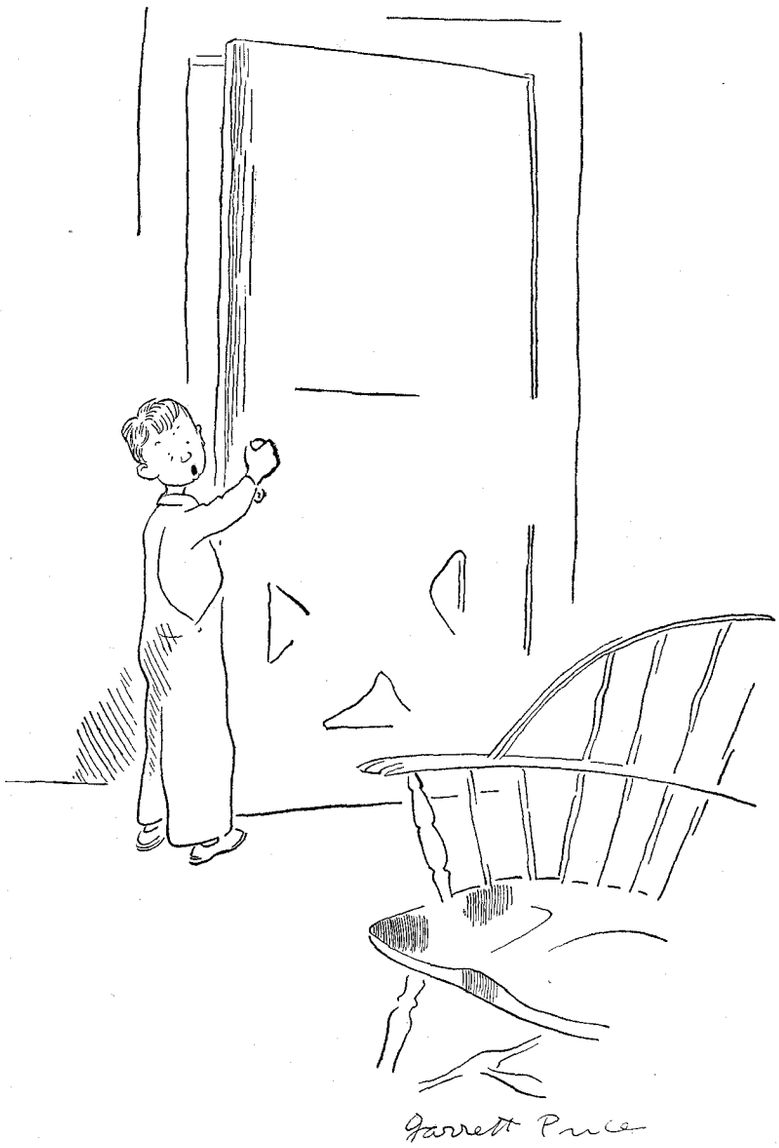
FEMININE FASHIONS

THE people of the fashion business are never ones to let good descriptive words alone but are forever racking their brains to apply them in brand-new ways, often falling into the sin of coyness though occasionally coming through with something effective. In the effective class is the word "busy" when applied to clothes that are fussy and confused and call so loudly for attention that the personality of the wearer is all but obscured. As is the case with women who are always dashing around looking distracted, "busy" clothes are very likely to lack real usefulness. And, as is also the case with such women, "busy" clothes are far too prevalent. So, when the custom house called Lange, at 20 East 57th Street, phoned to say "We haven't a busy dress in the place," I couldn't wait to run up there to find out if they knew what they were talking about.

They know. They offer comparatively few models, but every one has a quality that makes it not only smart but useful for a number of occasions. The queen of the collection starts out with a black faille jacket that has a small peplum in back and nice seaming, which curves upward and outward over the chest toward the tips of the shoulders; a restrained, embroidered jabot of white organza, or a gaudy one of black marquisette sprinkled with cerise spangles, appears at the neckline and cascades down the front. This jacket, with either a short faille skirt for afternoon or a long one for evening, is perfection in any number of rôles.

One of the best coat dresses I have seen in years is present, too, made of black bengaline, with five buttons down the diaphragm. It can serve as an ideal redingote over a print dress (they show it with a black-bordered turquoise crêpe one) or it can get along serenely on its own—severe, chic, and completely right. They also offer a wool suit that has a plain black skirt, a black-and-white striped jacket, and a white jersey gilet which crosses at the neck, Vionnet fashion, and is one of the favorites of this house. Then there is a good, basic black crêpe dress with a V neck, bodice top, and flat drapery at the hips to conceal slash pockets, and also a classic suit that has a light-blue jacket and no eccentricity save the cashmere look of the wool of which it is made and the way the buttons of its Mocha skirt are hidden by a pleat. A hip-length jacket you could wear with anything, from a summer tennis dress to a winter dinner costume, is made of bright-colored wool and cut in mandarin style, with four snail buttons and a back that flares slightly. Prices for Lange's things start at $95. The shop, by the way, still has imported fabrics, and said fabrics are utterly wonderful to the touch.

UNTIL life here at home has become considerably tougher than it has yet, I will remain in favor of high-flying frivolities to perk up those costumes known as basic, and Macy's Little Shop seems to be in complete accord, if the cocktail hats there are any indication. Among these are black felt plaques, decorated with pink or blue morning-glories made of feathers, which you can wear straight across your head behind a pompadour, like a telephone operator's headpiece. Hats of stiff slipper satin, in black or violent colors, include a Gibson-girl sailor, trimmed with black coq feathers and finished with a half-snood of stiff mesh; others have tremendous *choux* of matching veiling high in the front. There are also hackle-feather calottes in various colors that can be worn straight or tilted and are trimmed with sprays of the feathers. Attached veils, to do with what you will, accompany these, and you can also get matching slip-on gloves of hand-whipped fabric, which you will not sniff at once you have seen



"Oh, Ma! Here's the Fuller Brush woman."

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them. The hats at the Little Shop cost from about $12 up.

I HAVE always decried the idea that fashion is a thing merely to be shellacked on by means of clothes; it seems rather important to me that the woman wearing the clothes should first be as attractive as possible herself. This reactionary point of view is shared by Rose Laird, at 785 Fifth Avenue (60th), in whose salon your skin and hair will be given a going-over that, though scientific, leaves you feeling romantic. The facials are always miracle-workers. Every hair problem, from practical needs to the frivolous yen to change a hair-do, can be solved here, and the Laird preparations are wonderful. One that, though not new, is too little known is her Liquid Lather, which you scrub into your face with a brush (it lathers like soap, but isn't) and then rinse off, to find your skin looking young and clean. A film of her Dry Skin Cream (and your skin undoubtedly is dry in this weather) serves afterward as a powder base; a heavier application of the stuff at night disappears like a vanishing cream and acts as a softener. And, while we are at it, women with Junior Miss daughters should get acquainted with the Laird Young Skin concoctions, which are dedicated to adolescents but are equally good for women whose complexions are delicate. The Protective Lotion is especially recommended for healing and concealing (simultaneously) those rashes and spots to which all women succumb at one time or another. . . . Stockings being what they are these days, women are finding that a softener for the skin of their legs is in order as an antidote to chapping. A brilliant contender for honors in this field is Jean Naté's Hand Tone (at Bonwit Teller and Saks-Fifth Avenue), which, in no time at all, manages to wipe out rough surfaces and leave a smooth terrain.

—L. L.

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(SMALL SOUNDS DIVISION)

[*From "Sun in Capricorn," by Hamilton Basso*]

She made one of her little sounds. —*Page 116.*

She made another one of her small sounds. —*Page 128.*

She came to me, making one of her small sounds. —*Page 131.*

She made one of her small sounds. —*Page 134.*

She made one of her small sounds. —*Page 146.*

She made one of her small sounds. —*Page 177.*

GOLD, RUBY AND DIAMOND BRACELET $335.
GOLD, RUBY AND DIAMOND BROOCH 225.
PAIR OF GOLD EARRINGS 35.
MOROCCO LEATHER HANDBAG, 9-IN. FRAME 15.

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK

AN INVITATION . . .

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May we have the pleasure of your patronage during your next visit to New York?

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SINGLE $5 . DOUBLE $7
SUITES $10 up
APARTMENTS BY THE MONTH OR YEAR
TWO EXCELLENT RESTAURANTS—POLO BAR
THE *Westbury*
MADISON AVE. AT 69th ST., NEW YORK
Just a few steps to Central Park
KARL P. ABBOTT, Managing Director
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Chrome-Twist
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TENNIS AND BADMINTON GUT

• Made only of the finest quality split lambs' gut. Produced in the same plant where meticulous standards and constant inspection have developed the finest surgical sutures, Chrome Twist Tennis & Badminton Gut reflects that same care and workmanship. Johnson Suture Corporation, 5001 West 67th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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Forbear to remark "Apple Sauce"

VB as a flippant ignominy for "VB Old Fashioned Apple Sauce" is used in tones of endearment by gourmets everywhere.

Old Fashioned
APPLE SAUCE

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Lyndonville, N. Y.

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TABLE FOR ONE

IT was one o'clock and the tearoom was crowded. Women waited in a long line that reached back to the cashier's desk, and at the front of the line behind a red velvet rope stood the hostess. Her hair was slightly metallic and she wore a black dress with a neat white collar. She had an air of calm, but her state of mind was shown by the flush of her cheeks and the rather wild look in her eyes. The women pushed against the rope and called out, "Two, please" or "Three, please," and the hostess would turn and hold up two or three fingers to another hostess who moved about among the tables.

Mrs. Burch hurried through the swinging door that led from the street and walked past the candy counter to the waiting line. On one side of her head she wore a parrot pinned to a tiny piece of felt that served as a hat, and as she walked she freed her elbows from her leopard cape and used them effectively to make a path for herself. She forced her way to the head of the line, threw back her head, lifted her eyebrows, and said, "One, please."

"Will you wait at the end of the line, if you don't mind?" the hostess said.

"I see no reason why I should," Mrs. Burch said. "I want a place for one." She stared at the hostess. "I am not here with a *group*," she went on. "I merely want to have a bite and get out as quickly as I can, I assure you."

A small man wearing glasses walked up and stood next to Mrs. Burch. "Hello, there, Miss Fields," he said.

The hostess's eyes softened and grew less wild. "Oh, Mr. Henderson," she said.

"See here," Mrs. Burch said. "I see two women leaving that table against the wall."

"That table is for two, Madam," the hostess said. Her eyes darted from table to table. "But there is one to share next to the post."

"Very well," Mrs. Burch said.

The hostess unfastened the rope and Mrs. Burch walked to the table and sat down in the empty chair.

The table was mussed. There were two dishes of melted ice cream, and in the one in front of Mrs. Burch someone had crushed out a cigarette, the end of which was stained with lipstick. Paper napkins and paper doilies lay rumpled on the table, and the teacups and water glasses showed traces of lipstick. Mrs. Burch glanced at them with distaste and then coolly appraised the woman who sat across from her. She was a plump woman in a blue wool dress, and she wore a blue felt beret trimmed with a gilt arrow. Mrs. Burch looked away and sighed, holding in her stomach as she did so.

Someone passing hit the back of her chair and she turned quickly. She saw that it was the man with the glasses, and she watched him as he made his way to the table against the wall and sat down. "Well!" she said.

Her eyes were as sharp and bright as a bird's as she waited until she could catch the hostess's eye. When she did, she raised her hand and beckoned with her first finger. The hostess hurried to her side. Mrs. Burch moved her chair and nodded toward the man in the glasses. "Is that gentleman expecting someone?" she asked.

"I really don't know," the hostess said.

"Did he *say* he was?" Mrs. Burch asked.

"Why, no," the hostess said. Immediately she realized that she had fallen into a trap.

"Then why," Mrs. Burch said, speaking very clearly, "did you tell *me* that table was for *two* when the gentleman is obviously *one*?"

The hostess began to pick up the crumpled napkins nervously. "Well, he eats here every day and—"

Mrs. Burch laughed. "Well, I don't eat here *every* day," she said. "I should hate to think that I ate *anywhere* every day, but I do drop in for a bite and a cup of tea *quite* often, and I object to being told that a table is for two and then have you seat someone else there."

"He always likes to sit with his back to the wall," the hostess said. "On the banquette."

Mrs. Burch's voice was amused. "Really!" she said. "Well, *I* like to sit on the banquette, too, and I daresay this lady would like to sit on the banquette." She turned and nodded toward the woman who sat across the table.

"Mrs. Potter," the woman said.

"I daresay Mrs. Potter would like to

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sit on the banquette," Mrs. Burch said.

"I'm sorry," the hostess said. "If you'll just give me your order, I'll have the table cleared."

"No," Mrs. Burch said. "We will not give our order." She sat back in her chair and smiled up at the hostess sweetly. "We will wait until you explain the situation to the gentleman, who seems, by the way, to be a favorite of yours. We will wait, in fact, until hell freezes over."

At the word "hell," Mrs. Potter looked anxiously at the hostess, and Mrs. Burch, seeing her look, nodded at her reassuringly. Mrs. Potter studied the hostess, saw the spots of rouge high on her cheekbones and her flushed face. Then she glanced at Mrs. Burch, who was cool and unruffled. She noticed Mrs. Burch's beautiful suède bag, her sapphire-and-diamond ring, and the dark red of her nail polish. She realized that for the first time in her life she was up against an iron hand in a velvet glove.

The hostess realized it, too. Without a word, she turned away from the table and walked over to the man with the glasses. Leaning over him, she whispered. He nodded and rose. He took his hat and overcoat and walked over to where Mrs. Burch and Mrs. Potter were sitting. Mrs. Burch got up and nodded brightly to the hostess. "That's better," she said. She turned to Mrs. Potter. "You come, too, my dear," she said.

Mrs. Potter started to put on her coat.

"Just throw it over your shoulders," Mrs. Burch said.

The two women walked over to the table next to the wall. "You sit on the banquette," Mrs. Burch said. "I don't care about it, really. It's just that if you let people walk over you, they will. That's all."

She sat down and settled herself comfortably. Then she picked up the menu and held it about three feet from her eyes so that she could read it.

The man in the glasses took the chair Mrs. Burch had vacated. He was eating his lunch before the two women had made up their minds what they wanted to order. —Esther Evarts

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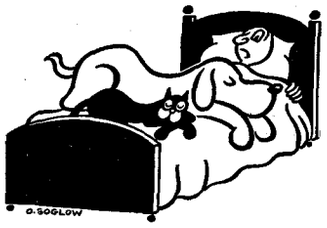

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Opera-on-the-Subway

WHEN the musical historian gets to compiling significances in the Metropolitan's 1942-43 season, he won't, I hope, overlook the company's official recognition of the subways. The Metropolitan is advertising in subway cars—mentioning the new low admission prices and telling which lines take you to the opera. It's a wholesome symptom that the music drama now is catering to East Side, West Side, all around the town.

Coming out of the subway and into the auditorium, we find other interesting developments in this season. One of them is the presence of George Szell, who brings freshness and rightness to the operas he conducts for the Metropolitan. His latest acquisition is "Boris Godunoff," revived with approximately the same cast it had at its previous showings. When last heard at the Metropolitan, "Boris" had become a sort of Italian opera; it sounded pretty, but nothing much happened. Under Mr. Szell's ministrations, the work had a Russian ring to it, even though it was sung in Italian. The only important changes in the singing personnel involved Salvatore Baccaloni, who sang and acted Varlaam riotously, with just a little extra clowning, and René Maison, who fashioned a striking portrait from the uneven rôle of the pretender. All told, "Boris" belongs in the Metropolitan's hit parade.

New Year's Day brought a new Carmen to Metropolitan customers—Irra Petina, who replaced the indisposed Lily Djanel for this performance. Miss Petina probably has sung a wider range of parts than anybody else in the institution. She has appeared as boys and young men and old ladies and about everything else that can be asked of a versatile mezzo-soprano. Carmen was no stranger to the encyclopedic Miss Petina, although she hadn't sung the rôle at the Metropolitan up to this year. She sang it well and turned in an attractive, consistent characterization. To hear some people carry on about Carmen, you'd think the Bizet heroine was as profound a study as Hamlet. Actually, the librettists' heroine is a clever theatrical sketch that must be completed by the impersonator. Miss Petina probably will enrich her characterization, of course, but at its first local showing it was a valid one. If you classify your Carmens by traditional descriptions, you'll list Miss Petina's gypsy with the "baggages." You could group the various Carmens into two categories, and Miss Petina is in the right one. Those that aren't baggages are likely to be luggages.

The season's first "Lohengrin" was a well-paced affair that demonstrated Astrid Varnay's exceptional dramatic talent, although her voice didn't sound right for the intense music that goes to Elsa. Miss Varnay made of Elsa a good deal more than the conventional girl in white who hasn't sense enough not to ask the sixty-four-dollar question. Alexander Sved offered his first local Telramund, which would have been fine if it had been less Operatic vocally and theatrically. It isn't necessary to do so much work.

UP at Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos introduced to Philharmonic-Symphony patrons Roy Harris's "Folk Song Symphony for Orchestra and Chorus," with vocal assistance from the combined choruses of the Washington Irving and Boys' High Schools. Orchestral excerpts from the work had been played at previous Philharmonic-Symphony events, but this was the first hearing of the whole composition. It's an odd and interesting work, containing striking treatments of many fine tunes, and sometimes an almost arbitrary severity. The orchestra occasionally outblasted the excellent young choristers, but I don't know whether that was a premeditated effect or overenthusiasm.

Mr. Harris was also represented on the twentieth anniversary program of the League of Composers at the Museum of Modern Art, where his wife, Johana Harris, played three of his piano pieces. These are impressive creations and there's a charming lightness in the one called "Recreation." You'll hear more of them, although they won't be played any better than Mrs. Harris played them. You'll hear more, too, about the League's latest doings in this department within a few more editions.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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They will have to be replaced by older men not fit for combat and women.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

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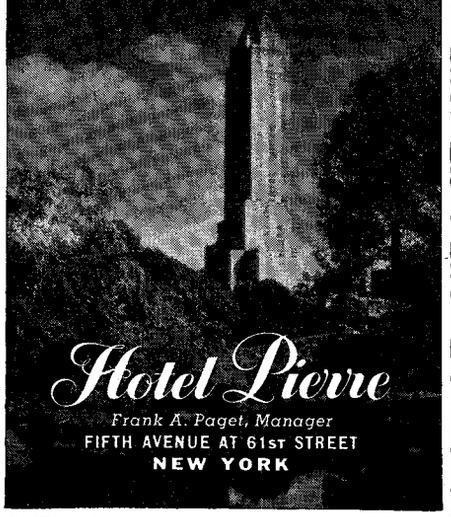

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NOTES ON SPORTS

Shambles of 1942

READING over the summaries of sports activity of last year, you find it almost impossible to learn who was the best performer in his field, just as you would have found it impossible in any year since around 1900. There are altogether too many champions in the country, most of them with titles that sound absolutely absolute but are usually nullified by other titles that sound just as much so. Of course, everybody is aware that some sports have a professional champion and an amateur champion, a very peculiar situation to begin with, and that not all of these sports have such a thing as a combination, or open, champion, and that even in the ones that do, the open champion is very often neither the amateur nor professional champion. This state of affairs derives from old and foolish tradition and is duly respected. There are, however, wheels within wheels that are not so easy to account for. Let us examine certain sports individually and befuddle ourselves good.

The boxing situation is probably the most tangled, since the New York State Athletic Commission and the National Boxing Association disagree on the identity of the world's champion in three out of eight weight classes. The two outfits recognize different men in the featherweight and bantamweight divisions, and in the lightweight the N.B.A. doesn't recognize anybody. New York State's featherweight choice, Willie Pep, comes from Connecticut, which belongs to the N.B.A. and consequently doesn't acknowledge him. He could probably lick the N.B.A.'s choice, Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson, however, just as New York State's lightweight, Beau Jack, could probably lick anybody the N.B.A. cares to name. The N.B.A.'s bantamweight, Manuel Ortiz, has beaten New York State's Lou Salica, but New York State ignores him.

In chess, there is a United States amateur champion, a tie for the United States open championship, and another tie for the United States national championship. No two of the five players involved are the same.

The New York Rangers are the National League hockey champions, but the holders of the Stanley Cup, for

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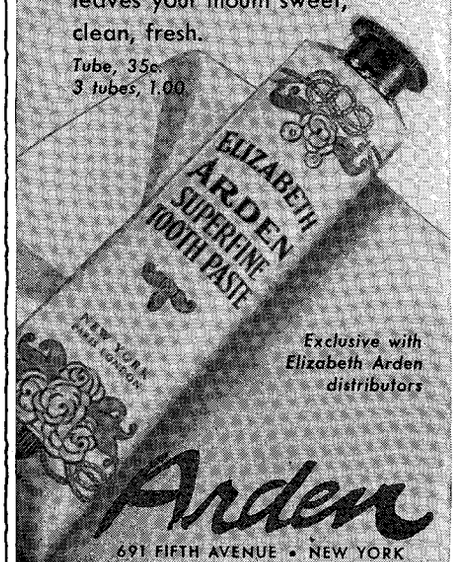

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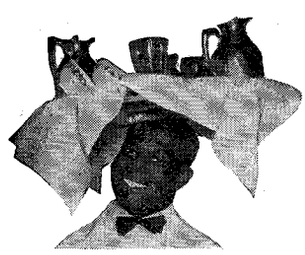

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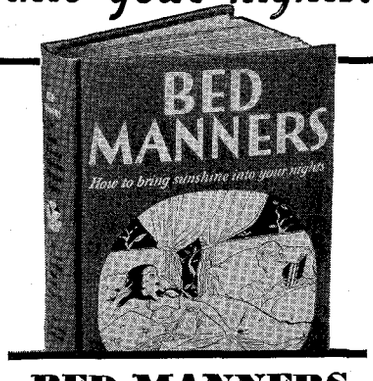

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which the Rangers competed, are the Toronto Maple Leafs, who are also members of the National League.

In soccer, three different teams hold the amateur, professional, and open championships.

Swimming has indoor champions, outdoor champions, and National Collegiate Athletic Association champions. Furthermore, among the events of the indoor meet are, for example, a 100-yard free-style and a 220-yard breast-stroke, while the outdoor has a 110-yard free-style and a 220-yard breast-stroke, and the National Collegiate A. A. has a 100-yard free-style and a 200-yard breast-stroke.

In track, there are Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America indoor champions and outdoor champions, Amateur Athletic Union indoor champions and outdoor champions, and National Collegiate Athletic Association outdoor champions. The A.A.U. measures its races in metres, while the other two organizations use yards. The Collegiate association seems to be made up of colleges from all over, while the Intercollegiate has mostly Eastern colleges. The basis for this distinction is not clearly stated in Webster.

W. W. (Pudge) Heffelfinger, the frisky old Blue who played football on and off from 1887, when he went to Yale, until ten years ago, when he was sixty-five, has said that he would like one more game before he's through. To be sure, he admits to never having fully recovered from injuries suffered in the last game he played, but he probably figures there's nothing that will tone you up like an honest-to-God stroke. —D. L.

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—*Washington Daily News.*

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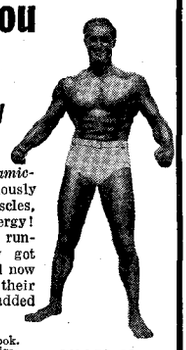

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BOOKS

No Half-way House

AS our chances of a military victory increase, it becomes clearer that military victory will not be enough. Victory alone will settle but one thing—that for at least ten post-armistice years and probably longer, German militarists will not choke the whole world in its own blood. That is all victory alone will settle. It is considerable, but it is not enough. It is not enough simply because there are other ways in which the world can run into catastrophe. And if we do not take the right turnings, and take them soon, we may find ourselves facing new wars we may not "win."

Such, I gather, is the burden of a remarkable, doubtless brash, doubtless too black-or-white book by an American named Michael Straight, a young economist now awaiting induction as an aviation cadet in the Air Forces. The book is called "Make This the Last War" and is subtitled "The Future of the United Nations."

It is a book of mingled exhortation and argument, crammed with facts and statistics over whose interpretation experts will probably quarrel. As I am not an expert, I can only record my impression that it will stand as a solid reply to two sorts of people. The first is the "realist" who conceives of this war as a kind of enlarged street fight in which we were unfairly attacked. If the war means this, and nothing more, our object becomes simply to make our opponent cry uncle, and the discussion of war aims becomes mere sentimentality. The second and more dangerous kind of American (using the word loosely) is the "realist" who thinks of this war as a new, and not the last, chapter in power politics. His war aim is to have us win (not necessarily through a total victory) in such a way that we may proceed to the formation of a continental or hemispheric bloc capable of carrying on future wars against other blocs. The slickest salesman for this viewpoint is a Yale professor named Spykman, whose "America's Strategy in World Politics" Mr. Straight, with extraordinary self-control, calls a "handy guide for American imperialism."

Against these two varieties of "realists" (the same realists who helped to lose us the peace last time), Mr. Straight advances a moving, if pretty wordy and doubtless somewhat doctrinaire, plea for an enlarged vision which in the end will prove, he believes, the only practical one. His line, though more concrete, more closely argued, and bolder in its proposals, parallels at key points the general programs laid down by such dissimilar personalities as Henry Wallace, Milo Perkins, Pearl Buck, Wendell Willkie, and Sumner Welles.

Straight's argument is complex and merits careful study, but the gist of it is simple. For him the war is merely part of a century-long fight to make a mass-production economy work. The Germans have candidly announced that they intend to make it work through the mechanism of a slave society, and to date they have gone a long way toward their goal. We have not yet decided to make it work through the mechanism of a free society. That decision must be made now. To quote Owen Lattimore, "The world can no longer survive half democratic and half colonial, half subject and half free." In Mr. Straight's words, "The war cannot be won until the underlying conditions of world unity have been attained." It is because we have so far failed to lay the foundations of these underlying conditions that, for example, Asia is beginning to fall away from us and may be driven by our silence into the arms of a totalitarianism that will merely furnish the springboard for another war.

How shall we lay these foundations? They are already present in rough form

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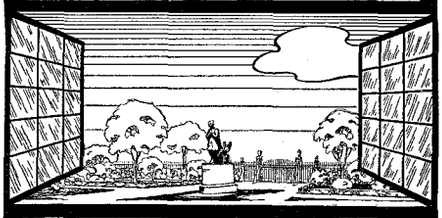

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in the joint committees and boards that make up the hastily improvised framework of the United Nations. These the author describes in detail, something that has not been done before, to my knowledge. The United Nations are the embryo of the world's future, says Mr. Straight. They must graduate from their present state of wartime coalition and become a true world government. This involves a new and radically changed idea of sovereignty, just as the unifying of the thirteen original states meant a changed idea of sovereignty. Europe must federate or die. (Straight thinks such a federation would, among other things, solve the German problem. Maybe.) The British Empire must break up into something like a true republic. Backward agrarian nations must have their sense of nationality (always within a greater framework) encouraged. But none of this can be done, warns Straight, unless we alter our conception of the nature of the war. We cannot, he says, have both victory and privilege. The attempt to retain both marks our entrance into another prewar period.

Straight is not afraid to advance proposals for handling the postwar transition period in its domestic as well as its global phases. Many of his ideas may fail to stand the test of further analysis, but at least they are ideas and not rhetorical phrases. He envisions in our own country a tremendous extension of what can only be termed New Deal principles, and he shows how this can be done without injury to our basic conceptions of democracy and justice.

His book is partly exciting, partly opaque. It will irritate all those who hate the planning mind. It will certainly irritate all those who foam at the mouth when they hear expressed the notion that children should not be permitted to die of malnutrition anywhere on the earth's surface. It will be read with care, I think, not by visionaries or utopians but by thousands of plain people who are slowly coming to realize that Ben Franklin was a hundred and fifty years ahead of his time with that little remark about hanging together.

Mr. Straight prefaces his book with two machine-gun sentences from the British economist R. H. Tawney. Here they are: "Either war is a crusade or it is a crime. There is no half-way house."

WILLIAM MARCH, who has written short stories that stack up with some of the best of our period, offers a novel, his first since 1936, called "The Looking-Glass." It's a "Spoon River Anthology" of a small Alabama town, called Reedyville, in the early nineteen-hundreds, with Faulkner overtones that don't help much and a jagged, to-and-fro chronological line that will give most readers the jitters. If Mr. March could allay his feverish interest in form and just settle down to a series of straight tales about his characters, he'd be much more readable. But I suppose the Faulkner influence is a tough one for any Southern novelist to buck.

Once you have fought your way through Mr. March's time sequences, or non-sequences, and decided to ignore his occasional entanglements in a flossy prose that is not really characteristic of him, you'll become acquainted with a remarkable portrait gallery. Odd fish—slightly decayed, generally—are Mr. March's specialty. He brings to them exceptional psychological acumen, being particularly good when dealing with people who are frustrated or tottering on the verge of lunacy. Some of the Reedyville natives included are a child prodigy who drowns himself, a Victorian sadistic parent, a young white girl with a fine, nonchalant talent for sin, a white boy obsessed with the idea that he is part Negro, and an old lady who makes a hobby of burial rituals. While there are also a few less lurid Reedyvillites, the general impression conveyed is that a small Alabama town in 1910 was no place in which to lead a normal life. Not that Mr. March preaches any sermons; he's as detached as an angel.

INTERESTING, if never very subsurface, is Richard G. Massock's "Italy from Within," the latest of the post-Shirer foreign correspondents' reports. Mr. Massock was chief of the Rome bureau of the Associated Press from 1938 to Mussolini's last big balcony scene, in which he declared Hitler's war on the United States. The main conclusions drawn from Mr. Massock's experience are that the Duce and his Party have betrayed their people (which was clear to many intelligent observers twenty years ago), that Mussolini now commands little popular support, that the Germans have in a sense already successfully invaded Italy, and that the future of the Italians is a matter of guesswork. None of all this is precisely new, but some of Mr. Massock's anecdotes are. His first-hand (and rather irritatingly objective) descriptions of the Fascist bureaucracy, particularly the nauseating Ciano and his super-nauseat-

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ing wife, Edda, have a certain gossip interest. Mr. Massock's book, like all other news from Italy, confirms the correctness of the attitude of our State Department, which makes a distinction between the Fascist regime and the Italian people. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

KARL SHAPIRO's newly published first book, "Person, Place, and Thing," confirms the judgment of this department, based on a group of his poems which appeared in an anthology last year, that his is on all grounds the finest young American talent to appear in many seasons. At twenty-nine, he has both depth and range. He is gifted with the satirist's detachment, and if his work bears marks of an apprenticeship to Auden, these have already been almost absorbed by his own perfectly firm and capable style. His talents resemble Auden's because they are of much the same sort and are used in much the same way.

He has the three main requirements of a poet's nature (and let's list them, since one or another always seems to slip away from modern consideration): an eye that sees, a mind with the power of judging, and a feeling heart. Happily, his education has been broken and unconventional enough to leave him on the outside of accepted ideas and conventional points of view. His emotional depth immediately sets him apart from those young people who, following Valéry's lead, write poetry out of the mind alone, making it a kind of intellectual game. And although his dissection of social ills is merciless, he is not working from a basis of social dogma; he has taken in current social notions and subjected them to some fundamental brainwork of his own. He is too sincere to work up an atmosphere of fake profundity by airs of mystery and gloom, or of fake mysticism by sounding disconnected and silly. He knows, as a French critic has said of Heine, "that to be a lyric poet is not, as vulgarly believed, to rock oneself and the public to sleep with delusions, but, on the contrary, to distinguish reality with a clear and piercing look."

Reading Shapiro's insights into the American scene, one thinks of Heine's satiric and uncompromising side. It is not too difficult to size up the poorer aspects of education and religion, as Shapiro does, respectively, in the two poems tersely entitled "University" and "Washington Cathedral." What is more difficult is to see the tragic side of the almost invisible ordinary and to take hold of the almost ungraspable usual: the pathos of moving day, the sadness of

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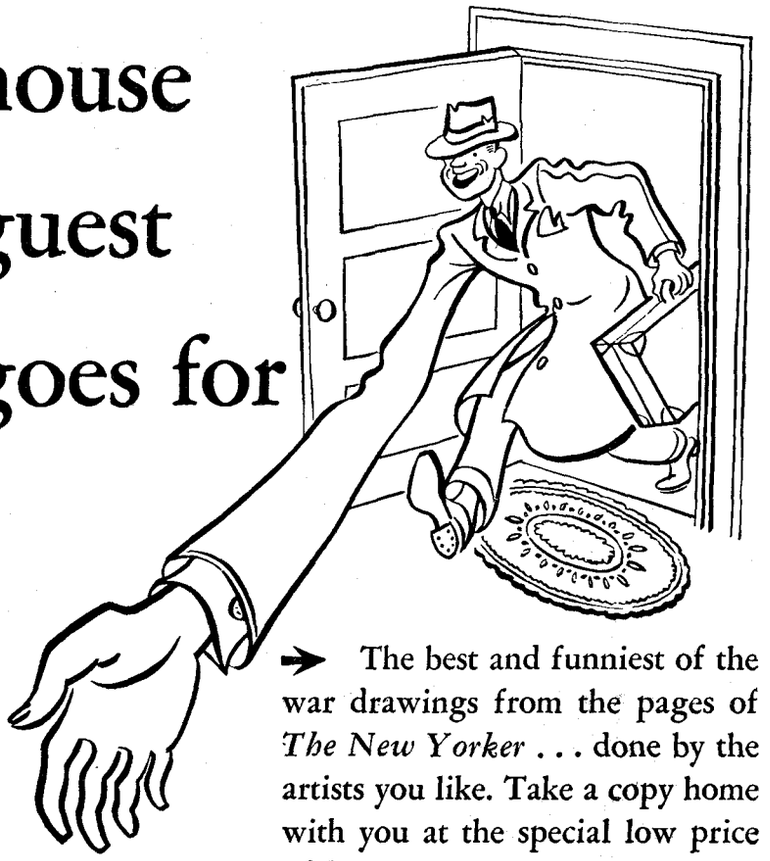

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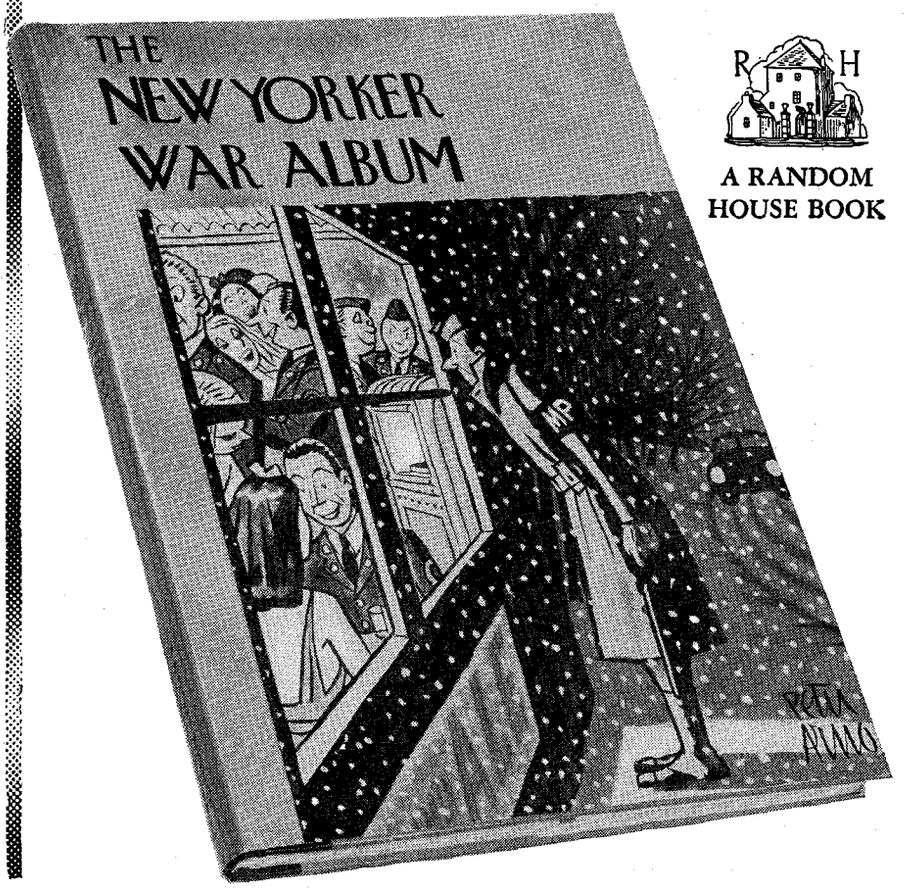

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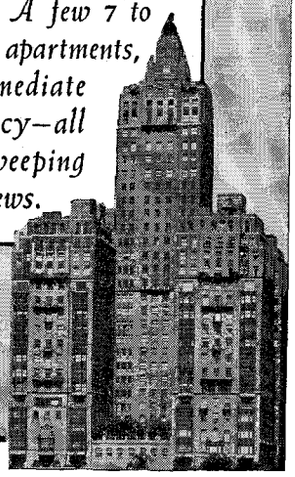

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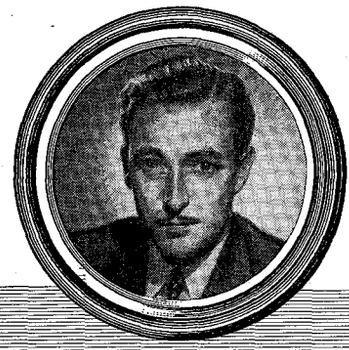
the Midnight Show, and the shabby servitudes and grandeurs of Hollywood, the honky-tonk, and the drugstore. Two poems on speed, "Buick" and "Terminal," both written with a kind of virile joy, are remarkable. When one compares Shapiro's satirical and descriptive poems with his use of macabre humor in "Haircut" and his application of tenderness in the two beautiful lyrics "The Twins" and "A Cut Flower," his wide range is conspicuous. This book was edited and published without the author's assistance. Shapiro is at present on active duty somewhere in the Pacific. *Poetry* has recently given him its highest award, the Levinson Prize, and no recipient ever more thoroughly deserved it.

IT is a pleasure to learn that Edmund Wilson, one American critic whose interest in literature is securely based on a genuine love of good writing, spends some of his leisure hours in composing verse. "Note-Books of Night" is a collection of the results of this activity, with a few related notations and parodies in prose. In his book of verse, "Poets, Farewell!," published in 1929, Wilson collected several poems as fine as anything composed in our day. In the present volume the quality is not even, and, as indicated by the title, is not intended to be. What the verse shows throughout is a sensitive and sensual perception of the color and shape of reality, and the sense of life which should always be the other side of the sense of justice. And Wilson's sense of justice is strong. It puts weight behind even the more malicious of his parodies, which otherwise might have only a cutting edge. In evidence of his powers in this humane direction, I would cite "Response to the Gentle Scholars," a reply to a genteel female bibliophile who complained that the rabble was invading the Public Library. His reflective lyrical gift comes out best in "The Voice: On a Friend in a Sanitarium," a truly moving poem which was first published in this magazine.

Wilson has included several examples of that neglected form, the prose poem; neglected, that is, by all save the surrealists, who tend to make it into what the psychologists call "word salad." Ever since blank verse went out as a universal carrier for matter too intense for prose and too factual for poetry's smaller forms, a good deal of material has had no effective means of getting said. Wilson has written, in "Return from Louisiana," some notes on a locale and, in "Word-Fetichism," some variations on a frame of mind, the ren-

AMERICA'S TRUMPET AND TROMBONE STYLIST



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dering of which had to fall somewhere between prose and poetry. Along with these successes are some badly gauged productions that seem to be juvenilia, but the verse written for fun is uniformly amusing, and the composite parody on Joyce's style and liberal literati, "The Three Limperary Cripples," is one of the best things of its kind ever done. It is a fine thought that one of America's most capable critics is not, at his creative lightest, a buffoon, or, at his most serious, a pedant. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MRS. PARKINGTON, by Louis Bromfield. The story of a rich American matriarch who, at eighty-four, is wise enough to know that only real people matter and that her own fashionable descendants, except for one great-granddaughter, don't amount to much. Frequent flashbacks to Mrs. Parkington's life with her robber-baron husband in the millionaires' heyday before the first World War are designed to show how she became so wise and the world so unhappy. What they actually show is that Mrs. Parkington was born wise and that her particular class is unhappy largely because the people in it were born merely rich.

WIDE IS THE GATE, by Upton Sinclair. The fourth novel of the author's Lanny Budd series covers, in 751 pages, the period from the beginning of the Popular Front up to the middle of the Spanish Civil War. Lanny's story is interwoven with the outstanding political events of the time, which are recorded faithfully, although their significance sometimes eludes the author. Mr. Sinclair's fictional history of contemporary events is at the grave disadvantage of competing with the news stories which appeared in the daily press and came to us without his inept editorializing and unpruned style.

TROPIC MOON, by Georges Simenon. The author of the Maigret detective stories gives us a straight psychological novel, set against the unfamiliar and exciting background of French Equatorial Africa. Although no mystery is involved, M. Simenon makes frequent use of the technique of his original medium, seemingly unmindful that an ounce of characterization is worth a pound of "motive" in the development of an emotional situation.

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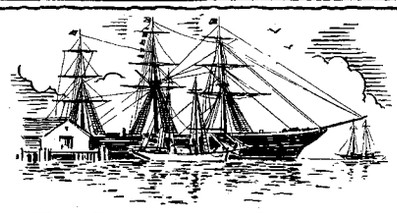

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J. V. Hewes. A rather amateurishly novelized account of just how the R.A.F. did that job in the late summer and fall of 1940. When the author is giving us straight detail, he is superb; when he attempts characterization, he fails. Nevertheless, this will stand as one of the most thrilling and authentic stories of the big blitz.

GENERAL

THE RUSSIANS, by Albert Rhys Williams. The Russians, says the author, are a great people interrupted in the business of creating a new society. He shows us how thoroughly they prepared for war and what prodigious labors they are performing to arm the forces that are turning back the Germans. Mr. Williams is a well-informed, skillful, and moderate apologist for the Soviet way of life. Some fresh data, plus material rewritten from the author's "The Soviets." Maps.

THE SAGA OF SAN DEMETRIO, by F. Tennyson Jesse. Miss Jesse, a literary salt from way back, tells the story of the tanker San Demetrio, which was brought home by some of the crew after being set on fire by a German raider. A fair job of writing, though somewhat rhetorical. Illustrated with photographs. Lots of seamanlike detail.

PACIFIC CHARTER, by Hallett Abend. This veteran Far Eastern reporter thinks that we may lose the confidence of the Asiatics if we don't have the gumption to make a prompt and concrete declaration of our peace aims in the Pacific. His estimate of the policies and the necessary guarantees to the peoples of each area pretty well bears out Nathaniel Peffer's views in "Basis for Peace in the Far East." Maps.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DON'T CATCH ME, by Richard Powell. Andrew Blake, a Philadelphia antique dealer, sees a bad copy of a Chippendale chair in a farmhouse, buys it out of curiosity, and is robbed of it later. He and his wife, Arabella, get into trouble when they try to find a motive for the robbery. Light and well written, with some Axis villainy thrown in for spice.

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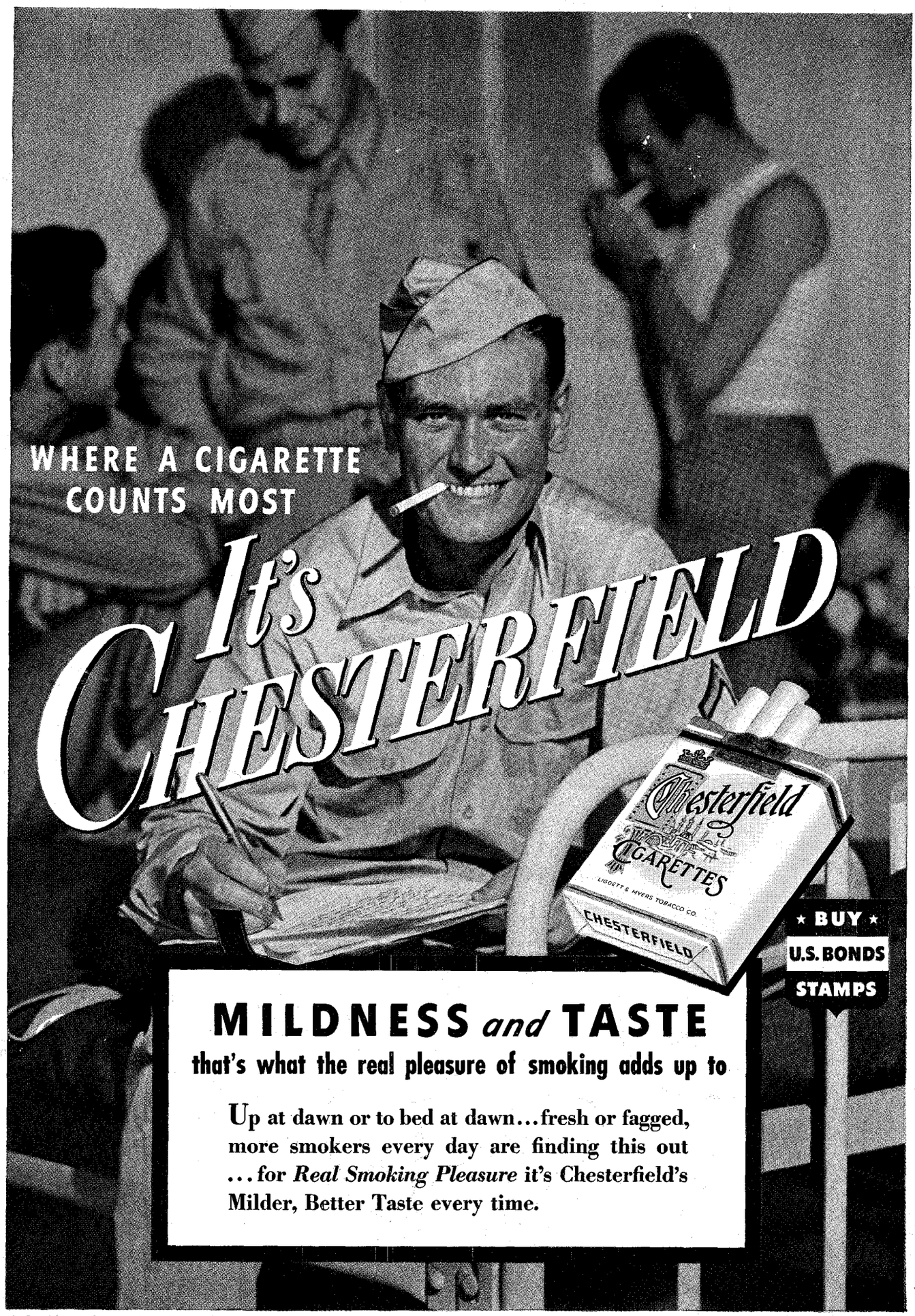
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